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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1878.

Price Ten Cents.



THE GIRLS REGATTA—FAIR ATHLETES IN BOWING COSTUME CONTENDING AT THE OAR ON THE SHREWsbury RIVER, AT FAIR HAVEN, N. J.—  
SEE PAGE 3.



RICHARD E. FOX, Proprietor.  
Office: 2, 4 & 6 Reade Street, N. Y.

FOR WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, OCT. 5, 1878.

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To Correspondents.

We earnestly solicit sketches, portraits of noted criminals, and items of interesting events from all parts of the States and the Canadas, and more particularly from the west and southwest. Kinds of parts that create an excitement in their immediate localities, if sent at once, will be liberally paid for.

CORRESPONDENT. Council Bluffs, Iowa.—Item received; thanks.

W. O. P., Lynn, Mass.—See item elsewhere in this issue; thanks.

M. J., East Boga, Ala.—Article too late for this issue; will appear in our next; thanks.

Urguia, New Orleans.—Thanks for article; however, not quite suitable to our columns.

E. F. A., Baltimore.—One of the articles has been published previously. Others held over.

H. W. M., Belmont, N. Y.—Account previously published; other article not yet to hand. Thanks for attention.

A. J. M., Murfreesboro, Tenn.—Thanks for article and portrait which appear in this issue. Let us hear from you again.

J. S. K., Empire City, Oregon—Thanks for photograph and article, which are published. Hope to hear from you again.

A. K., Omaha, Neb.—Article held over; sketch does not illustrate any salient or dramatic point. Thanks for attention.

R. T., Galveston, Texas.—Will make inquiries in the matter and answer next week. Have not been able to learn at present.

F. B. T., Bridgeport, Conn.—See item in "Vice's Varieties." Thanks for efforts on our behalf. Could not use sketch sent.

J. P. F., Morgantown, W. Va.—Cannot tell how the article referred to might suit until we see it. The other previously received.

W. H. R., Black Creek, Ga.—Will do whatever is fair and square in the matter. You understand our relation in regard to it. Further by mail.

A. V., Kansas City, Mo.—All of the items sent, of sufficient interest, will be found under the head of "Vice's Varieties" or elsewhere in this issue; thanks.

J. M. P., Indianapolis, Ind.—Illustration drawn before your sketch came to hand. Thanks for photo. Will be glad to have the other spoken of. Further by mail.

A. Y. B., North Carolina.—Have not been able to learn the address asked for. Will answer next week if we can do so meantime. You do not give name of your post-office.

J. C. M., San Francisco, Cal.—We have two or three occasional correspondents in your city. Will be glad to have items of interest or original articles from you, however.

OBSERVER, Austin, Texas.—Article appears with illustration; thanks. Send no other accounts of interesting incidents in your vicinity, accompanied, if possible, by sketches of localities. Mere outlines, correct as to details, are sufficient. Also send photos of parties concerned whenever possible.

F. L. H., Richland, Mo.—The article in question was obtained, we believe, from the journal named. If we did not do credit it must have been taken from some other journal which had taken it without so doing—not an uncommon thing in journals in regard to matters of current news, by the way, is it?

S. D. C., New Hartford, Conn.—The value of an article to us depends upon first, its freshness, second, its general interest, and third, the manner in which it is written. Accompanied by accurate sketches of a current event or portraits of parties concerned, it is, of course, more valuable to us. Further by mail as to other queries.

W. M., Chicago.—Thanks for many attentions. The O'Brien matter being illustrated the other was of too similar a character, the more so as it was in the same place. The suicide scarcely justified an illustration. Deem the other two photographs too late in point of interest.

W. H., The Dalles, Oregon—Many thanks for the attention and the trouble you have taken in our behalf. We regret, however, that the item is too far behind time to be suitable to our columns, having already been mentioned in many of our eastern journals. The article being forwarded just nineteen days after the occurrence, you will see renders it entirely too "ancient" for a journal of current events. The article is well and clearly written, in good, journalistic style, and we should be glad to hear from you again in relation to interesting happenings in your vicinity. Only, please send them at the earliest possible moment after the occurrence.

TO CLUBS.

EXTRAORDINARY INDUCEMENTS.

Every person forwarding us the names of SIX subscribers to the GAZETTE, at the club rates of three dollars each, per year, will be presented with a beautiful illustrated edition of the

Complete Works of Shakespeare.

elegantly bound. The edition is a full quarto giving every syllable of the immortal bard's works, including his grand poems as well as his plays. It is printed from new, clear type on smooth, finely tinted paper and bound in the most durable, highly-finished and sumptuous style in brown, crimson, blue, olive and grass green, with gold lettering and ornamentation, with portrait on steel of the immortal bard of Avon, and numerous illustrations of striking points in each play, artistically designed and admirably executed, rendering the work not only valuable as the most complete and correct edition ever presented for popular use, but magnificent as a work of art and an ornament to any parlor or library. In short it is but just to say, in view of the attractions and value of the work, that no such inducement has ever heretofore been offered to the subscribers of any journal in this or any other country. The retail price of this volume is \$5.

A STORY BY "JACK HARKAWAY."

In our next issue, as previously announced, we shall commence the publication of a new story, written expressly for the GAZETTE, by the popular writer, Bracebridge Hemyng, Esq., author of the well known "Jack Harkaway" stories, entitled "The Finger of Fate, or, The Curse of Crime."

We have frequently been solicited by readers in all parts of the country to add the feature of first-class fiction to the varied attractions of the GAZETTE. In acceding to this request we have been at considerable expense to present to our friends a story of such a character as we are sure will not fail to please all classes. Mr. Hemyng's graceful and spirited style as a writer, and the entertaining character of his stories, invest them with a peculiar fascination, of which few novelists of our day can boast. In the "Finger of Fate" will be found one of the best examples of his qualities as a writer, a story which, while unexceptionable in tone, diction and moral, possesses an absorbing interest which will hold the attention of the reader without flagging from the opening chapter to the close.

A PRACTICAL PREACHER.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, of Brooklyn, is a practical man as well as a powerful preacher. His campaigns against Satan have ever been marked by aggressive energy. He does not wait for the enemy to advance and give him battle, but advances upon him boldly in his strongholds on all occasions and pours red-hot shot into his camp with a vigor that keeps him always on the defensive.

Just at present he is understood to be laboring with a fresh plan of campaign, which, it is anticipated, will be marked by special originality and effectiveness. The iniquities of New York, and the temptations with which life in a great city surrounds the young and the unwary, is the fruitful theme with which his vigorous intellect is said to be wrestling, and it is understood that it will be developed with force that will make the milder fulminations of our average pulpit orators look sick by comparison.

But Mr. Talmage is not content, as the majority of his clerical brethren are, to sketch from afar the evils he intends to depict, and to depend upon hearsay information in putting in the darker shades of his picture. He prefers to obtain his material at first hand, and he has, therefore, been making a tour of the enemy's stronghold and noting the character of the sources whence come his most insidious advances. His fastidious brethren of the cloth may be impressed with the warning conveyed in the adage concerning the defilement attending the touch of pitch. No such squeamishness deters the Rev. Mr. Talmage in the prosecution of his investigations of the dark side of city life. The old Greek cynic deemed the aid of a lantern necessary at noonday in his search for an honest man in the market places. The Brooklyn philosopher invokes the assistance of our police luminaries to be a lamp to his feet in his journeys through the dark places of the city in quest of a class of men and women at whom Diogenes would have turned up his nose. And it is certain Mr. Talmage's search has been much the more successful of the two. He has seen the fast men and the fallen women of the metropolis in the places they do most frequent, and has accumulated a stock of ammunition, the detonation of which, in the pulpit of the Tabernacle, will undoubtedly stagger the advancing hosts of sin and reverberate with a joyful portent throughout the Christian world.

So much for the moral aspects of the case. As a

matter of local interest we would like to have the

reverend gentleman's private opinion, as a citizen

and a man of sense, as to the responsibility of our

police authorities in allowing the many iniquitous

establishments of which he saw a sample, to poison the moral atmosphere with impunity and flaunt the evidences of their pernicious operation in the faces of the police without rebuke. He saw, beyond doubt, that such places as the Cremorne, the Buckingham and the Strand, where the young and comparatively innocent are nightly brought into contact with the vicious, the depraved and the criminal of both sexes and receive from the association an impetus towards a speedy downfall, are a source of incalculable evil to the community and their unchecked existence in our midst a public calamity more to be deplored than the presence of an epidemic. We should like to have an expression from him as to some practical means of dealing with the matter from a physical standpoint as well as from the spiritual vantage ground whence he will make his attack.

We trust the reverend gentleman will not stop here. He should continue his investigations among a still lower class of establishments for the dissemination of depravity, the more disreputable and dangerous dives of which Gill's "Concert Hall," on West Houston street, the "Music Halls" on the Bowery and others that swarm in their respective vicinities, are a type. Only let him not be deceived by the evident personal security he noticed in making his former tour into venturing into these localities without ample protection. They are the resort of the lowest classes of thieves and women and of dangerous characters generally, and while they present, in their vulgar viciousness, none of the hazardous allurements of the others, they are even more glaring as a blot upon our city and our civilization. They fully merit the investigation of a fearless and outspoken moral teacher like Rev. Mr. Talmage, but let him use due caution in the visits which we trust he will see fit to make thither.

MR. HAYDEN'S ACQUITTAL.

The acquittal of Mr. Hayden, the Methodist preacher of Madison, Conn., who was charged with the murder of Miss Mary Stannard, in that place, will surprise no one who has given the slightest attention to the case. His parishioners and other supporters loudly asseverated his innocence and the certainty of his acquittal from the first, and have certainly done everything that could be done to make it an accomplished fact without regard to the real question of his guilt or innocence. We referred early in the trial to the remarkable and most unusual leniency with which the accused was treated and to the marked reluctance of certain individuals in authority to subject him to the formality of a trial.

He was not placed under any restraint worthy of the name, and could as well have walked or driven away from the place, at any time during his supposed durance, as he could before the accusation was brought against him.

Throughout the trial it was apparent that every pressure possible was used against the state. In fact, so indignant did the counsel for the state become at what he considered the highly unjust ruling of the Court in excluding very important testimony for the prosecution, that he abruptly left the case, which virtually went by default, the Justice soon after giving in his decision discharging the prisoner, with a glee he could not conceal. In rendering it he went out of his way to protest that he had not been influenced by Hayden's position or his own prejudices in his favor, and concluded with an altogether superfluous bit of clap-trap sentiment to the effect that he would rest content if he was as sure of heaven and of eternal felicity as he was of Mr. Hayden's innocence of the murder of Mary Stannard or of the crime of her seduction.

The acquittal of Mr. Hayden may have been just and might possibly have been secured even on a fair trial, but, in view of the manner in which it was conducted, it is not strange that there is dissatisfaction with the result or that the issuing of a bench warrant for Mr. Hayden and a new inquiry in the matter should be among the possibilities of the case.

A DISGUSTED SPIRIT.

If there is such a thing in the hereafter as experiencing anything of the emotions that have had a ruling force during one's earthly existence, then Mr. Benjamin W. Fay, late of Chicago, must at this time be suffering severely from disappointment and chagrin. Mr. Fay, in the earthly form, prided himself upon his shrewdness and ability to engineer smart financial schemes of one sort or another. Recently his former prosperity left him, but his belief in his smartness did not, to any great extent. So great became his disgust with an unappreciative world, that he determined to leave it.

But in doing so the ruling passion was strong. He had tried many a plan for realizing cash, and he determined now to realize on death. It would soothe his last moments if he could "put up a job" on somebody; it would smooth his dying pillow, so to speak, if he could beat the insurance company out of the amount of his policy; it would be a revenge upon the world if he could make his mortal

disgust with it the occasion for extorting several thousand dollars from its rigid grasp. With this view he went down to the dock, turned his pockets inside out and filled himself full of holes from a

bullet, which he then threw into the river, an lay down, much relieved, it is to be presumed, at the successful carrying out of his plans. As found, he presented as square a case of robbery and murder as one would wish to see, and there was every prospect that the thing would work beautifully clear through. But, unfortunately, there are so many smart people in Chicago that you can never find a man so smart but that you will find a smarter. So some one, who, of course, must have been a deeply-dyed villain, or he would not have thought of such a thing himself, "dropped" to Mr. Fay's little game and laid the "racket" clearly before the world. The consequence was that the nicely laid scheme of Mr. Fay miscarried, and seeing its failure after the infinite pains to which he had been put to ensure its success, Mr. Fay in the spirit world, in view of his many recent unfortunate speculations, no doubt mutters gloomily, "just my luck."

Execution of Lewis, the Fratricide.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On another page we give an accurate illustration of the execution of Sevier Lewis, at Empire City, Oregon, on August 30, specially photographed on the spot for the GAZETTE.

Lewis was fifty-three years of age, but in appearance not exceeding forty-five, he was an American by birth, and in religion a compromise between an infidel and a spiritualist, but without any well defined faith. He was about five feet ten inches high, weight about 175 pounds, a man of average intelligence but limited education, not a man whose appearance would indicate a criminal.

The crimes which culminated in his death on the gallows, if true as generally understood, are too horrible to relate. Several years ago his father and a number of brothers and a brother-in-law settled on the Coquille, very little being known of the family until two years ago. H. H. Lewis, the father of Sevier, was nominated by the Republicans to represent Coos county in the Legislature.

The next occurrence of note was the report that Sevier Lewis went to the field where Z. T. Lewis, his half-brother, was plowing, and shot him dead in the furrow, and then made his escape. The county court offered a reward of \$300 for his arrest, and nearly a year ago he was arrested in Washington Territory. It appears that there had been family troubles dating back many years, many dark pages remain unwritten, but the immediate cause of the trouble is over a daughter of Sevier Lewis who is said to be the mother of a child by her own father, and it appears that Z. T. Lewis took an active part in taking this girl from her father's to her grandfather's, as it is claimed, to get her out of her father's control, but as Sevier claimed for a different purpose.

He insisted on his two attorneys accompanying him to the scaffold, where he made a long, rambling discourse. This was suddenly interrupted by turning to the sheriff and saying something in an undertone to him, after which he was quietly placed on the trap, and his feet tied. When the sheriff placed the black cap over his face, he said,

"Oh, hell, don't haul that over my face."

The sheriff then bid him good-bye, the trap was sprung and Lewis fell six feet through space, his neck was broken and he died without a quiver.

He was pronounced dead in about ten minutes after he dropped, but he was radically dead the instant he fell.

The Lynching of Pinckney Bell.

[With Portrait.]

Shortly after eleven o'clock on the night of September 9th, the quiet little city of Murfreesboro, Tenn., was thrown into intense excitement at the appearance of a body of seventy-five armed men, who proceeded to the jail, demanded the keys of Jailer Murphy, saying that they came for Pinckney Bell, the cold-blooded murderer of Officer Dement. The jailer refused compliance, but was powerless in the face of numbers, and was obliged to yield.

The mob then went to Bell's cage and, after binding him with a rope, placed him upon a horse and carried him some two and a half miles from the city and hung him to a tree, where he was found on the following morning by Sheriff Arnold and Coroner Blanch. An inquest was held and a verdict rendered in accordance with the facts stated.

The body was taken to the city, confined and afterwards buried at the spot where the criminal met his fate. Sheriff Arnold did all in his power to prevent the lynching, which had been anticipated. He took him from Murfreesboro to Shelbyville, but the jailer at the latter place refused to receive him. He then brought him back to Murfreesboro by another route. It was the intention of the sheriff to have taken him to Nashville the following day. Bell was only twenty years of age, but bore the reputation of being a dishonest and very depraved character. Several years ago he eloped from the house of his uncle with his cousin Miss Bettie Bell. Since then he has been living with her in company with other women of ill repute. Officer Dement, his victim, was a man of high standing in the community. He left a wife and five children. A correct likeness of Bell is given on another page.

The Suicidal Lovers.

[With Portrait.]

On another page will be found portraits of Miss Carrie E. Myers and Fred. A. Zeak, whose romantic suicide at Muscatine, Iowa, was fully detailed and illustrated in our issue of September 21. It may be remembered that the pair were despairing lovers who mutually agreed to leave the world together as they were unable to be united in it. Zeak had some time previous been compelled to marry a woman whom he appears to have detested.

A divorce from her appearing hopeless, the pair therefore went to Muscatine on a visit to Zeak's sister. There they went to a room and, evidently by pre-arrangement, as shown by letters left by both, Zeak first shot Miss Myers and then sent a bullet through his own brain.

## A FIENDISH LOVER.

Indiana's Capital Contributes the Most Horrible Case Yet to the Swelling Records of Murder

## BY SANCUINARY SWAINS.

Because She Would Not Marry a Worthless Wretch a Fair Young Girl is Brutally Butchered.

## UNDER THE PLEA OF FRENZIED LOVE

[With Illustration and Portraits.]

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., September 20.—The most cold-blooded and atrocious murder ever perpetrated here was committed last night about 10 o'clock by Louis Guetig at the Spencer House. The victim was Mary McGlew, a young Irish girl, of irreproachable character, and who supported a widowed mother living in Paris, Ill. Guetig was a clerk at the hotel until his dissipation made him unreliable, and for three years past he has been paying court to Mary, and endeavoring to induce her to marry him. At one time she consented, but afterward retracted, owing to his loose habits.

Last evening as Mary and Miss Ada Mack started from the latter's residence, they were met by Guetig, who demanded that Mary accompany him to the hotel for an interview with his mother. She refused to go, and he then threatened her life, as he had, it seems, once or twice before, but she maintained her resolution until persuaded by Ada, who was fearful that Guetig really meant murder. Upon their arrival at the hotel, Mary declined to go up-stairs, which made Guetig frantic with rage, and Ada appealed to the night-clerk, Ragedale, to summon a policeman. Mary passed into the yard in the rear of the hotel, crying bitterly. Guetig followed her, threatening to

KILL HER IF SHE DID NOT MARRY HIM.

Finally, Mary started off, whereupon Guetig drew his revolver, but before he could use it Ada Mack caught his arm and begged him to relent. The weapon was discharged, the bullet burning a furrow on Ada's cheek. Ada let go and ran screaming for help. Guetig then turned toward Mary and fired a second shot, which passed through her neck. She fell to the ground then climbed to her feet to receive another bullet, which crashed through her skull and passed out at the back of the head, making a horrible wound, from which the blood and brains spurted. Speechless and dying, she had strength to raise upon her knees and lift her hands heavenward, as if beseeching for mercy, when the maddened man advanced with his revolver until the muzzle almost rested against her face, and pulled the trigger for the fourth time, exclaiming: "you, ain't you dead yet?" This missile entered on the left side, the powder burning her skin and blotting out the eye, and she fell back dead. The shots and screams of the girl who witnessed the horrible affair, alarmed the hotel attaches, and several started toward the murderer. Michael Kennedy was the first in range, but Guetig covered him with the weapon and ordered him to stand clear. A moment later Officers Clary and Poeltz collared Guetig and hastily led him off before the bystanders could realize what had transpired; else, there is a strong supposition that he would have been

SWUNG TO THE NEAREST LAMP-POST.

A reporter interviewed Guetig shortly after his incarceration, and found the miscreant ready and willing to talk. He actually seemed to glory in what he had done, and bore himself with a sang froid not usually found in a criminal of the most hardened type, and particularly unlike one who has not reached his twentieth year. He said he and her had been joined together three years, and were to have been married, but she broke her word, owing to Ragedale, the night clerk, who told her some truth and a good many lies. "Last Friday I got two revolvers to kill her, but I thought I wouldn't do it at that time. To-night I met her on South street, and we quarreled; then we went to the hotel to see mother, but she didn't go in. Afterward we walked into the yard and she started to run from me. Then I banged her. Ada Mack got in the way and I don't know whether I hit her or not; then I banged again, and she never did nothing, but fell over. As she started to get up I banged her again; after this shot she got up on her knees and held up her hands, and says I, 'Mary, won't you speak to me?' She did not answer, so I banged her again. Then she fell over and I saw her kick, and I knew then she was dead. I then cocked the gun to shoot myself, but changed my mind. Mike Kennedy started to run in on me, but I made him stand back, but when the police came I gave myself up, and here I am. I don't want no trial, no jury, nor any thing.

THEY CAN TAKE ME OUT AND HANG ME.

"I'm done." Further than this he declined to talk beyond denying that he entertained a thought to-night of killing Ragedale, his supposed rival,

when charged with wanting to kill him some days since, he did not enter a vigorous negative. Upon learning that the interviewer was connected with the press, Guetig told him to print it all.

Guetig is less than twenty years old, dissipated in habits, and subject to epileptic attacks, and his friends claim that he is deranged from strong drink and his love for the murdered girl.

Ada Mack, Mary's companion, however, said that, while he may have been drinking, his conversation was connected, and he seemed determinedly bent upon a fixed purpose from which his mind never wavered. Now that the deed is done there are those who assert that he has openly threatened murder for the past ten days, and the facts warrant this supposition. Altogether it is the most terrible, inexcusable murder committed in this city for a half century past, and it has filled the community with horror.

Guetig used an old-fashioned Smith & Wesson revolver, and one of the bullets struck Kate Collins, who was across the yard, in the thigh, making a painful wound. The first shot, instead of missing, as first supposed, lodged in the abdomen of the murdered woman.

## Curious Story of Wrong.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., September 20.—The arrest of William Coatsney, colored, last night, was the means of throwing a sharp, revealing light upon one of the most debasing incidents possible to depraved nature. It told the old story of barbarity on the one side and innocent suffering on the other. About a week ago there came to this city from Bowling Green a colored man with a child about five years old, a being of phenomenal intelligence. The father has been for years, it is said, utilizing this bright little girl, by carrying her to different places and making her lecture at various colored churches, where her marvellous talent in religious discourse completely astonished the colored people. He has made a considerable sum of money thereby, and would have continued to do so but for the event of last night. He is represented as a negro of infinite cunning and trickery, and is said to understand the superstitious negro element thoroughly, as is evidenced by the following bill, which he circulated upon all occasions:

"To Whom It May Concern:—We wish to make it known that the great and wonderful celebrated Alice Coatsney, a girl only four years and four months old, with an original gift from God, with no education, will lecture upon 'Heaven and Heavenly Things.' She was born with a mouthful of teeth and spoke to her mother wonderful words before she was born, which she will relate in her lecture. She was born in Liverpool, England, and has delivered 9,300 lectures in churches, and 3,300 persons have become converted that have heard her. She commenced to walk at two months and talked at one month. She is traveling to teach the people and doing the bidding of her Father in heaven."

By this manner hundreds of negroes were induced to attend her lectures, of course paying the small fee that is customarily charged upon such occasions. This went along very satisfactorily to the elder Coatsney until last night, when the officers so unceremoniously carried him off to the station house. He had frequently been caught in the act of beating his child, and upon being interrogated by a *Courier-Journal* reporter, said he had frequently punished her.

For the last three or four days he has been staying at the house of a colored man named Gray, who keeps a grocery on Fifth and York streets. Gray, has frequently noticed his suspicious acts and notified the police of his conduct. It is said by the women who washed the child's clothes that she saw marks on the clothing that would indicate that the man had held improper intercourse with the child. It is said that a doctor will examine her this morning. The child has no gift from Heaven, but has been taught to repeat the different passages in the Bible and to lecture on heavenly themes. The little girl says she is dreadfully maltreated by her father.

## Not Room for Both.

Louisville *Courier-Journal*: He was a "cull'd tramp," and approached Captain Jesse Phillips as the train hauled up at Pewee. "Is you de captin' ob de kears?" "Yes," replied Jase. "Don't want fo' to hire any deck hands, duz ye?" "No! I'm not running a steamboat." "Jac'ly! Mount I ride straddle ob de cow-snatcher to de ner' landin'? I'se busted a' long ways from home." "Get on! All aboard!" and the negro straddled the "cow-snatcher." Ed Gilligan pulled out the throttle wide open, and the train had not gone more than half a mile when the engine collided with a cow, throwing it over a fence into a corn-field, and the negro after the cow. Next day, coming down, the negro limped up to Jase at the same depot and said, "Boss, I didn't ride fur wid you on dat cow-snatcher, kase you see de cow wanted to ride dar too, an' dar wasn't room fo' bofe of us, so we got off togged up here in a corn-field fo' to rest. I'll freeze to de tail-gate ob de wagon—hit's safer."

## THE GIRLS' REGATTA.

Youth and Beauty in Rowing Costumes Vying in Graceful Imitation of the Athletic Sports of the Sterner Sex.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Excitement ran high on the 19th, in Fair Haven, N. J., on the beautiful Shrewsbury. The white skirts of Jersey belles fluttered in the breeze, and the tails and manes of horses waved off the sand flies without volition. The sails of yachts snarled in the sunshine, and rowboats fished unceasingly to and fro. The occasion was a regatta for the fair sex, and bœufs of pretty girls danced along the piazzas and the shore and put the males to blush by the reckless manner in which they hazarded gloves and bonbons on their favorites. Prior to the races there was quite a debate in the parlors of Van Tine's Hotel on the subject of coaching. The Fair Haven contestants did not want coaching, but the other fair contestants did. It was put to vote, and by five to three it was decided not to have coaches on the water, so the coaches stayed ashore. Then Misses Ella Chadwick and Lulu Eldred withdrew, saying it was really too awfully mean for anything. They looked longingly at the handsome prizes as they withdrew.

The judges were Messrs. D. S. Allen, J. M. Joyce, and J. Ingling. They said, after an immense amount of chatter, "Now, girls, get in your boats, and let's finish this thing."

"Ain't they horrid?" said a pretty girl, as she shouldered her skull and

LED THE WAY TO THE WATER.

All the races were rowed in flat-bottomed batteaux. The course for senior sculls, the first race, was three-quarters of a mile straight away. The starters were Misses Sarah Bennett, Annie Bennett and Emily Snyder. Miss Sarah Bennett is a pretty blonde, of symmetrical form, and wore a white bargee, white straw hat, black trimmings, and white feather. Her sister resembles her, and was in a navy blue rowing costume. Miss Snyder is a beautiful brunette, tall, slender, and was dressed in white, with a sailor straw hat, red trimmings. All three caught the water together. Sarah Bennett soon took the lead, pulling a finished stroke of 32, a good deal like Courtney's. Her sister Annie clipped her stroke a little and did not reach far enough forward. Miss Snyder steered badly, but otherwise pulled a very neat stroke, although a little open handed. Half way over the course, Miss Sarah Bennett had forged three lengths ahead of her sister, who was abreast of Miss Snyder, with the latter away out of her course. Miss Sarah Bennett continued to pull an easy, graceful stroke, and, nowise discomposed by the great cheering, she shot across the finish a winner in the good time, rowed against the tide, of 7 minutes, 35 seconds. Her sister's time was 8:02. Miss Snyder lost all her chances by bad steering.

"Isn't she just splendid?" said an admirer of Miss Sarah Bennett's, as she pocketed a large order for gloves and bonbons; and, "Ain't it just too awfully mean for anything?" said one of Miss Snyder's backers, as

SHE PAID FORFEIT WITH A GRIMACE.

The next race was over a half-mile course for junior sculls, and betting ran high. It was six-buttoned kids to four, and caramels to common candy on Miss Jennie Little, with plenty of takers, however. The starters were Misses Jennie Little, aged thirteen; Jennie Smith, thirteen, and Minnie Snedicor, sixteen. Jennie Little is a bewitching little brunette. She wore a lavender colored dress, white straw jockey hat, red trimmings. Jennie Smith is a golden-haired blonde, petite in form and perfect in symmetry. She was dressed in a light colored, straw hat, turned up, red trimmings. Miss Snedicor is a graceful brunette. She wore dark brown, with white cuffs, and a lilac-trimmed jockey hat. All three rowed along even for some distance, but soon Miss Little, with a Hanlan stroke, forged her bow tip a trifle ahead, with Miss Smith a good second. Toward the finish Miss Little sent her stroke up to 36, and despite the efforts of her antagonists, crossed the finish first in the excellent time of 4 min. 55 sec. There was a tough struggle between Misses Smith and Snedicor for a second place. It was won by Miss Smith in 5 min. 20 sec. Miss Snedicor was only two lengths astern.

The closing contest was a "freshman" race of a quarter mile between Misses Mary Little and Jeanie Wilson, both aged 11. Miss Little is

A PRETTY LITTLE BLONDE.

She wore light muslin and dark straw peacock feathers. Miss Wilson wore white muslin and an elegant felt Gainsborough hat, scarlet trimmings. Miss Deborah Hendrickson also started in this race, but was ruled out by the judges, on the ground that she did not enter in time. Both caught the water together with a stroke of 30. Miss Wilson soon took the lead and spurted up to 36, thus fatiguing herself, while Miss Little kept up a cool 30 stroke, which for catch, feather and finish received the encomiums of old oarsmen. Miss Wilson pulled pluckily and prettily, but forced the pace too much—"bucketing" in the old Harvard style, now a thing of the past.

"Isn't she cunning?" said Miss Wilson's admirers, as she kept the lead, but soon they said,

"Ain't it awful?" as Miss Little toward the end took the lead and rattled by the finish the winner by three lengths in 2 min. 50 sec.

Then the Hon. Peter Wilbur, the official fisherman of Shrewsbury waters, was by universal acclamation called on to present the prizes, which he did in the flowery language for which he is renowned all around Red Bank. Then there was lemonade and ice cream, with something stronger for the old folks, and a whirl of muddling up and wrapping and kissing and driving off followed.

## Chicago Police Officials.

[With Portraits.]

The following brief biographical sketches of the prominent police officials of Chicago, whose portraits appear in this issue, will be found of interest as a matter of police record.

Joseph Dixon, Deputy Superintendent of Police, is forty-two years of age. He has been connected with the force of the city for twenty-one years. He held the position of Chief of Detectives for two years of that time. In the latter part of 1875 he was appointed Deputy Superintendent of the force. He is very popular, both as a man and an officer. In the year 1868 he went to Germany where he succeeded in capturing the notorious murderer Ziegelmier, who killed an Irishman named Gumbelton, in Chicago, and returned with his prisoner to that city.

Wm. J. McGarigle, Chief of the Detective force, is twenty-nine years of age, and has been connected with the police department for eight years. He gained no little repute, about two weeks since, by his successful tracking and capture of Woodward, one of the notorious Palmer House thieves.

Captain Simon O'Donnell, commanding First precinct, has been connected with the force for seventeen years, six of which was passed in the capacity of patrolman and nine as Lieutenant. From the latter grade he was promoted, for strict attention to duty and capacity, to the rank of Captain, and was assigned to the command of the First precinct two years ago. Captain O'Donnell is a fine-looking officer, tall and of robust frame, and is liked by every one for his genial manners and kind heart.

Captain Edward Hood, commanding the Second precinct, is forty-five years of age, and has been connected with the force for eleven years. When V. A. Seavey was elected Chief, a few weeks since, there was considerable speculation as to who would be selected to take the captaincy vacated by him. Every one was satisfied when Ed. Hood was announced as the appointee, and he has since filled the duties of his position in a manner which fully justifies the public estimate of his character then expressed.

## Body Snatchers at Work.

RAVENNA, Ohio, September 22.—Our little city is in a terrible state of excitement and suspense, caused by the finding in the pickling-vat of the Cleveland Homeopathic Medical College the remains of Mrs. A. N. Pease, one of our oldest and most esteemed citizens, on September 3rd. A large number of relatives and friends consigned her body to the grave in our popular cemetery. Flowers and wreaths marked the spot where she had been placed to rest forever, as was supposed.

On Friday our undertaker was notified by the Cleveland authorities that one of the human ghouls who was in custody had confessed that he had intruded on our city and practiced his horrible profession among Ravenna's graves. An investigation proved it only too true, and that the grave of Mrs. Pease had been desecrated to furnish fuel for the human butcher-shop. Friends immediately went to Cleveland and found the body. They also interviewed the confessed fiend, who further informed them that himself and confederates had robbed no less than eight graves in Ravenna. He further said that person here were implicated; that the body was delivered to him by residents. This information was kept secret until to-day, and the indignation and horror with which it was received can only be imagined. Large crowds flocked to the cemetery, carried there by curiosity and fear. Anxiety was on every face, fearing to find indications of the robbery of the graves of their loved ones. Only the darkness drove them from the spot. Many eyes will not close to-night, kept open by terrible anxiety to know even the worst.

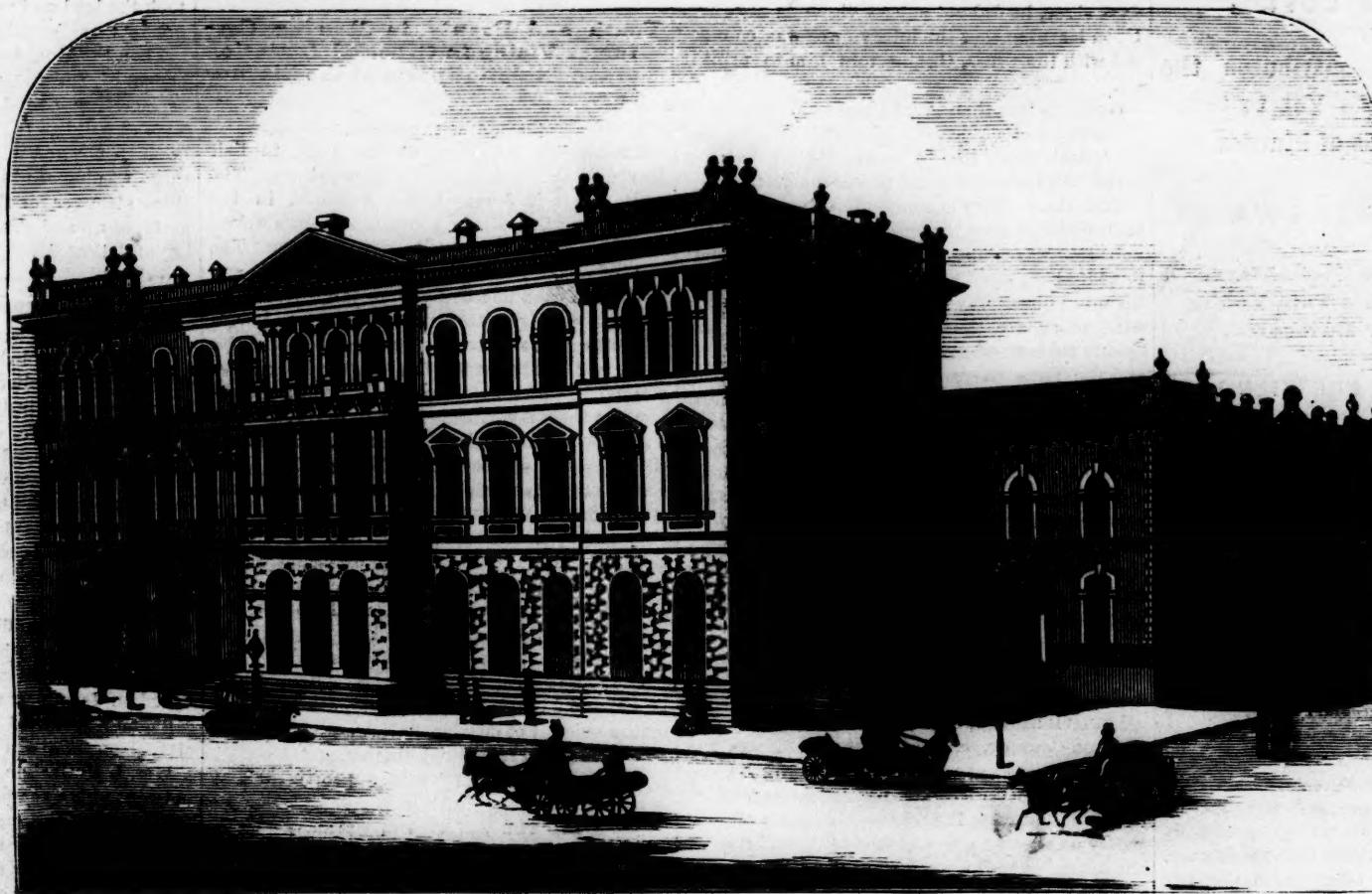
There is a well-founded rumor to-night that arrests will be made here to-morrow. In that event what our enraged citizens will do can not now be told. Startling developments will surely be made in the next twenty-four hours. The body of Mrs. Pease will be brought here to-morrow.

On the 23rd ult., James Miller, a wealthy bachelor, was found in his barn on his farm, four miles north of Gower, Mo., dead and almost eaten up by hogs. It is thought to have been murder. He had made his will and expressed a determination to leave some relatives out in the cold, and is thought to have been murdered by them. Detectives are at work on the case.

**A Noted Thief's Fate.**

(Subject of illustration.)

Chicago, Ill., September 19.—Chicago conned one thiefless on the night of the 16th. For some time there has skinned about the city a very much wanted character known as Billy O'Brien, alias the "Kid," brother of Pete O'Brien, who served time in Michigan and Ohio state prisons. Billy went to Omaha once, and while he tarried there a jewelry robbery took place. There followed on the heels of this the disappearance of Billy, and ever since the song from Omaha has been for William to return. Under the former administration William had the freedom of the city extended to him, but under the stringent orders from the present he dodged to the thinly-peopled districts and flocked by himself. On Sunday afternoon, 15th, Officer Jones



COOK COUNTY JAIL, CHICAGO, ILL.

and Elliott, of Lieutenant Bonfield's at Twenty-second street, found him near the corner of State and Seventeenth streets, and took him by the arm. He insisted on being permitted to visit a house of prostitution on Fourth avenue. He walked on sullenly until he reached the corner of Archer avenue and Butterfield street, when he broke from the officers' grasp and turning his face from them on a run he remarked: "I'll go anyway." He was ordered to halt repeatedly, but gave not heed to the order. Officer Jones fired two shots. One of them whistled over his head, but he continued his flight. The second entered his back above the right hip. He bit the dust on this turn, and was taken to the Twenty-second street station. Dr. Moore was summoned and did what he could to save his life, but at 6:20 P.M. he threw up his hands, turned his face to the wall, and his soul went out to judgment.

O'Brien was a young man, not yet out of his teens, and has

been reckoned one of the smartest in the country. He was arrested here about ten days ago for vagrancy, and when his case was called he was not on deck. He was supposed to be one of the parties interested in the jewelry robbery of \$20,000 in Louisiana several years ago, and one of the victims was in search of him, but as he had protection then he couldn't be found. About a year ago he married a very handsome woman, who was recently confined.

He is said to be the same party who, a year and a half ago, attempted to "sneak" into the bank on the northwest corner of Madison and Dearborn streets. He lived in the vicinity of Sixty-first street, and in the immediate vicinity resided a nest of dangerous thieves who run in and out at will. He was the pet of the Paddy Guerren, Friday Kelly, and Joe Parrish school, and, it is fair to presume, had he lived, he would have made one of the most accomplished men in his line in the country. Aside from

his crooked ways, he was a genteel fellow in his manner, polite and reserved. His mother came to see him at the station, accompanied by a priest, and they were with him when he died. His death was discussed by the "gang" upon the streets with considerable feeling, some of them going so far as to say that the policeman who did the work ought to be hung. Society can very well spare such "accomplished" men as "Kid" O'Brien.

**Awful Tragedy in a Lowell Mill.**

(Subject of illustration.)

LOWELL, Mass., September 20.—This afternoon Fred. W. Sprout and Laura Hunt, both employed in the Booth Mills, were the victims of a shocking tragedy. Sprout became enamored of Miss Hunt, who was employed in the same room, and who refused to accept his addresses or to give him any encouragement whatever. This afternoon he appeared at her loom, and asked her to go out on the walk with him as he wished to speak with her. On arriving at the doorway she stopped and turned round to address Sprout, when he drew a revolver, and, placing it against her temple, fired twice, both balls entering her brain. Before any one could arrive to prevent it the murderer turned the pistol on himself and fired, the ball entering near the right eye.

Miss Hunt lived but a short time, and Sprout died at seven o'clock this evening. The crime was, without doubt, deliberately planned by Sprout, as upon going to his room it was found that he had changed his clothes and borrowed the revolver of a friend. He then went to his boarding house and ate some supper, remarking in a jolly manner, "Well, I must

love you and leave you." He then went to work as usual. A letter was found among Miss Hunt's things wherein Sprout speaks of killing himself if not accepted.

**Murderous Assault by Highwaymen.**

(Subject of illustration.)

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., September 20.—At two o'clock yesterday morning, as Paul Jones, a prominent young gentleman of this city, was on his way to his room, he was met by two well-dressed men on a side street, who inquired the way to the depot. Mr. Jones gave them the directions, and walked along with them, it being on his way home. When in a retired spot, the strangers turned and fiercely assaulted him, presenting a pistol in his face and threatening to kill him if he resisted. He was forced to the ground, and continuing

his struggle the fellow with the pistol fired, sending a bullet into his right breast, entering the lung, where it has lodged, and can not be extracted. After searching his pockets and robbing him of \$400, the villains fled, and have so far eluded capture. Mr. Jones fired his revolver to summon aid, and friends were soon at hand. They conveyed him to the Terre Haute House, where he now lies in a very precarious condition. He is a very worthy young gentleman, of about twenty-four years, an attorney by profession, and the law partner of Senator D. W. Voorhees, who has been summoned from his campaign-speaking tour, in a distant part of the state, to attend the case. The sad affair creates much excitement here, and large rewards are offered.

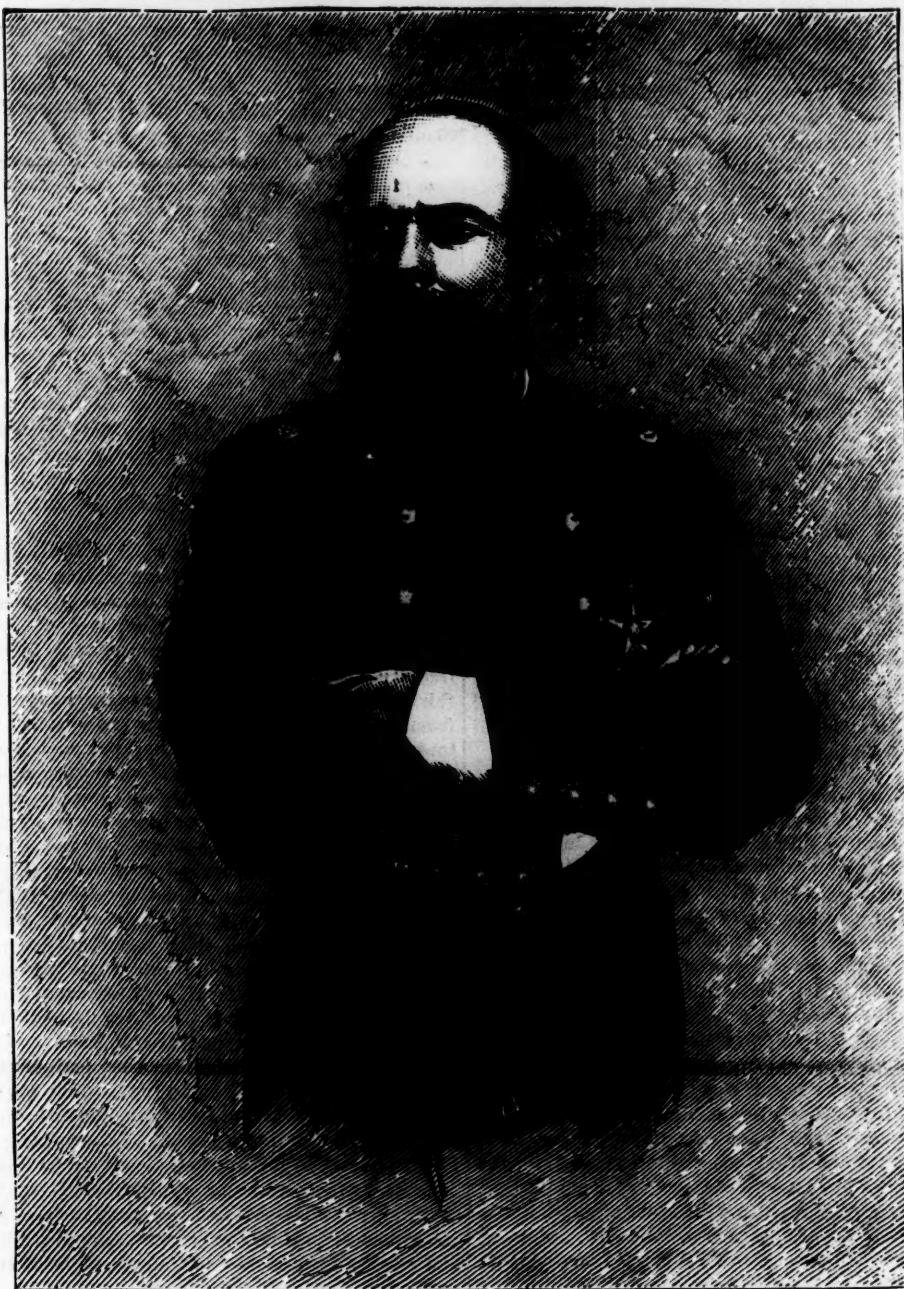
On the 23rd a roadagent named Horn was brought to Sidney, Neb., from the north by officers. He is supposed to belong to the gang contemplating wrecking a Union Pacific train.



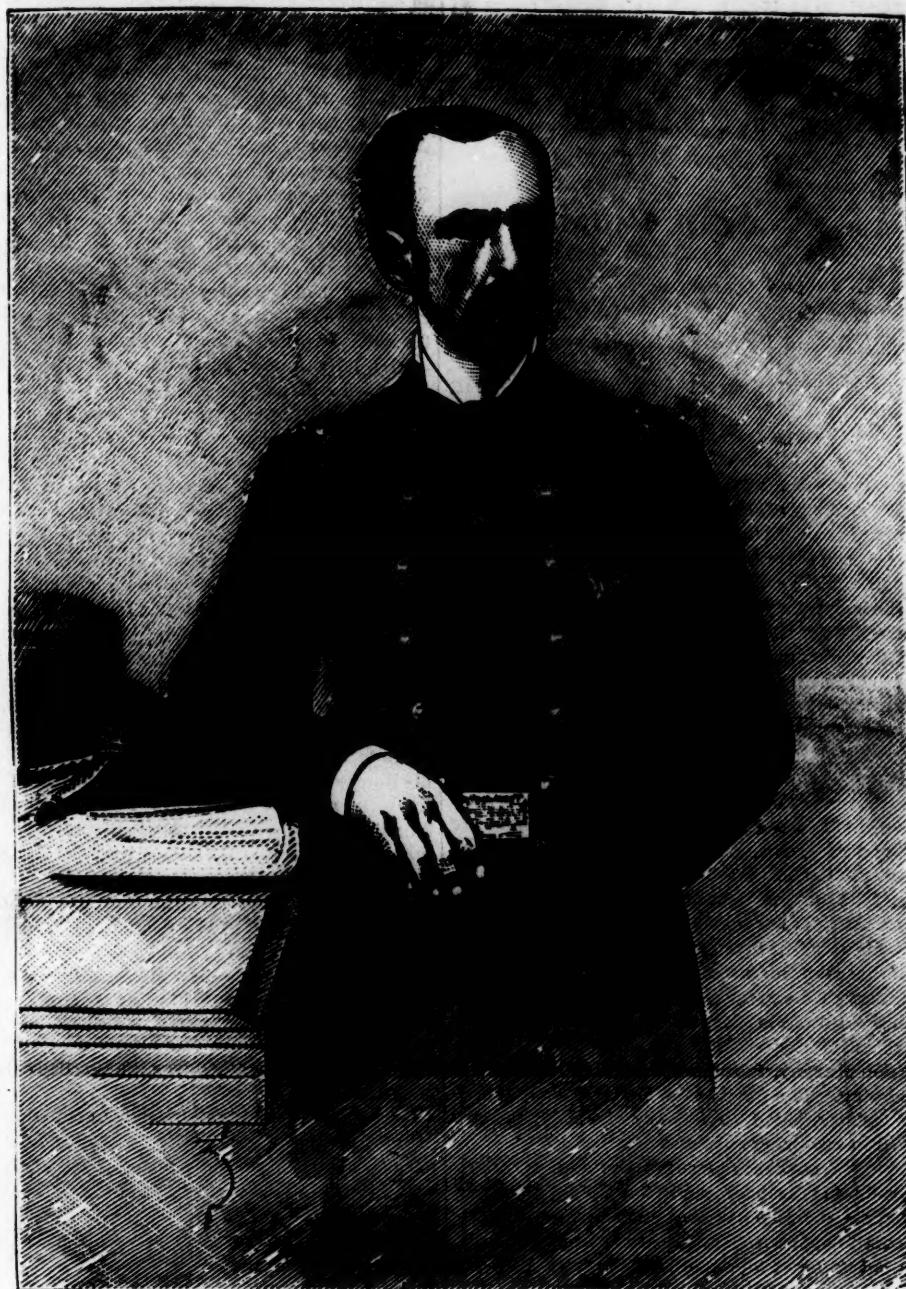
WM. M. HAGGERTY FATALLY SHOT BY FRANK DAVIDSON, AT A PICNIC NEAR WARRENSBURG, MO.—SEE PAGE 13.



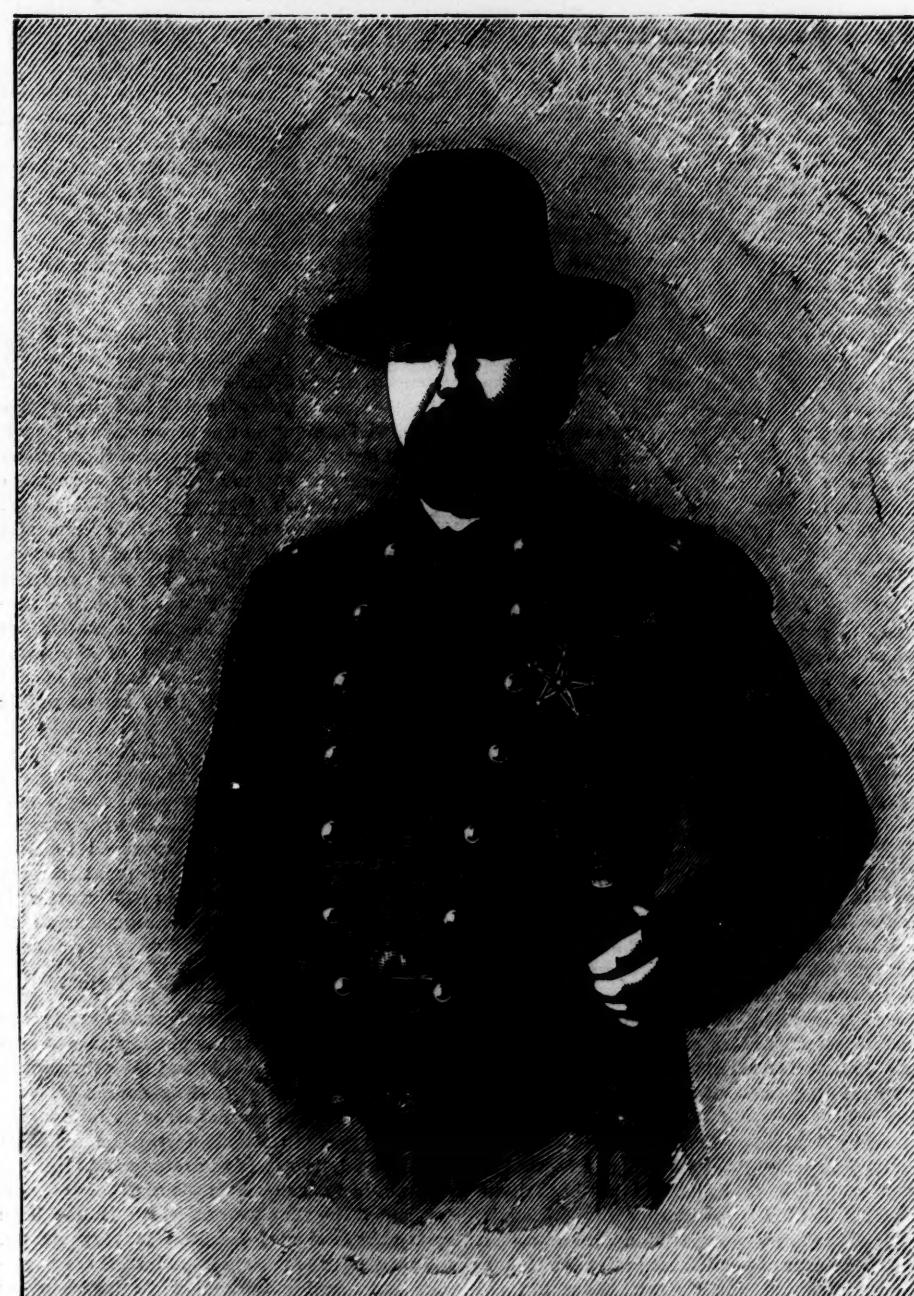
EXECUTION OF SEVIER LEWIS FOR THE MURDER OF HIS BROTHER, AT EMPIRE CITY, OREGON.—SEE PAGE 2.



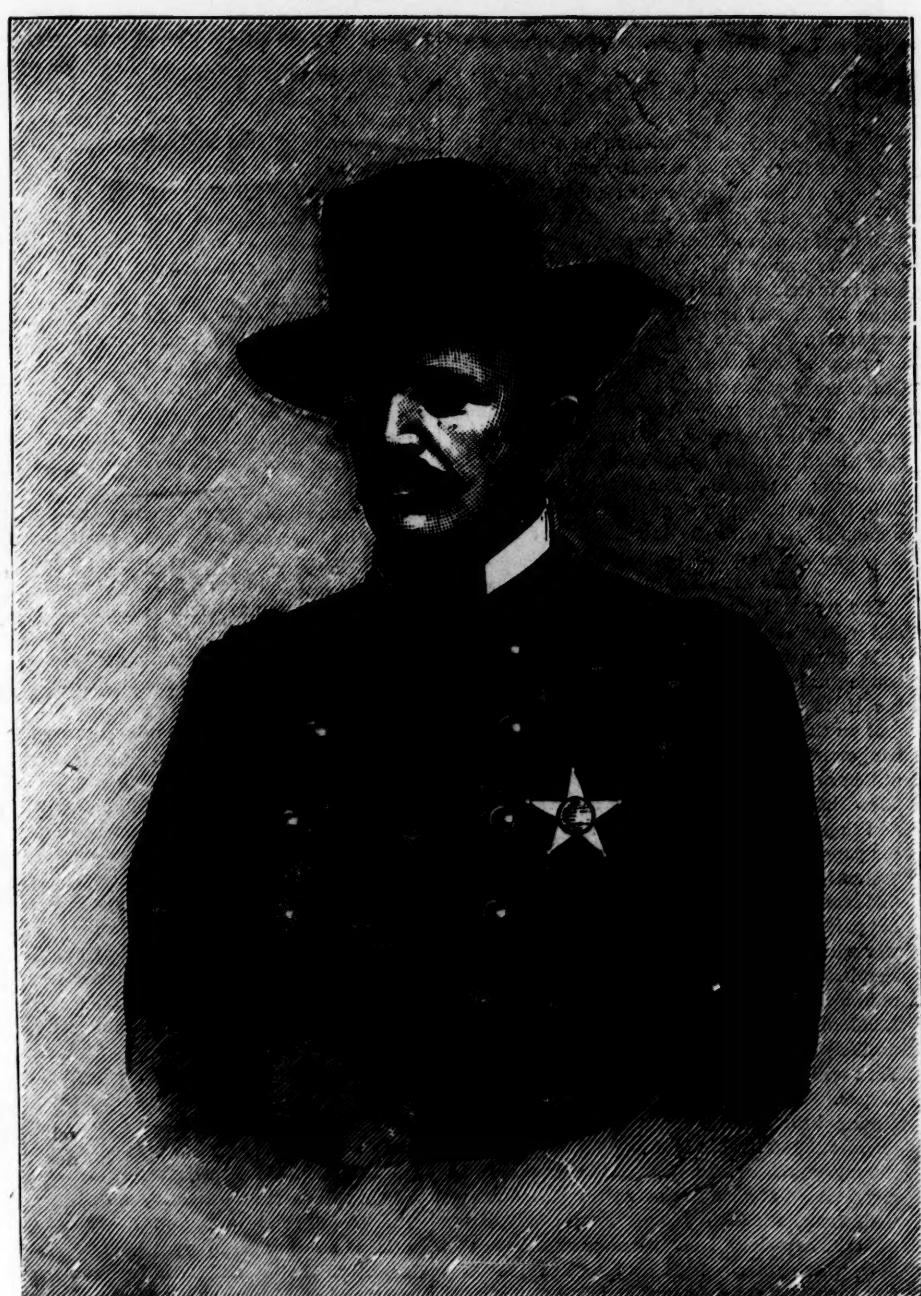
JOSEPH DIXON, DEPUTY SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE.



WILLIAM J. MCGARIGLE, CHIEF OF DETECTIVES.



CAPTAIN SIMON O'DONNELL, FIRST PRECINCT.



CAPTAIN EDWARD HOOD, SECOND PRECINCT.

## THE SILVER LAKE MYSTERY.

Fruitless Endeavors to Find a Solution Which Only Make the Case More Perplexing.

## IS IT ANNIE HUMMEL?

Such is the Question to Which Even the Father of the Missing Girl, Aided by Scientific Experts, is

## UNABLE TO RETURN AN ANSWER.

[With Portrait of Annie Hummel.]

After a fruitless search on several different trails it was generally believed on the 20th that the mystery of the dead girl whose body was found near Silver Lake, Staten Island, had at last been solved. It will be remembered that on the 15th, some Staten Island cow boys found the body of a young girl buried in the valley of the little ravine that winds through the Silver Lake picnic grounds. On Monday following Louis Riege, a lover of a servant girl employed at Clifton, recognized the body as that of his affianced wife, Maggie Ellen Murphy. The following day he changed his mind on the subject. Numerous other friends and relatives of missing girls endeavored to identify the remains, but without success, until Mr. George Hummel, of Saugerties, came on Friday, 20th inst., and went away satisfied that he had found all that remained of his daughter Annie, who was abducted from her home or disappeared in December last. This mystery has brought out from its darkness of sorrow more hints to the domestic misery of the great metropolis than any incident in the crowded record of crime indited on the police blotter within the last half century. Ellen Murphy, the mistress of Louis Riege, is missing. The parents of Kitty O'Neil, of Williamsburg, failed to identify the body, and are still in agonizing suspense.

## CONCERNING THEIR DARLING.

Dr. Rose is disappointed in not having found the woman whom he has been chasing in two continents to bear witness against his wife, whom he is suing for a divorce, and the two Miss St. Clairs, who have been coupled with the dead woman, are accounted for. Miss St. Clair, of Staten Island, has gone to Europe to finish her education, and her folks have heard from her since the body was found. The St. Clair woman of the Bowery Hotel, who was reported missing, can be seen by any one who will take the trouble of applying to the proprietor of that establishment. Riege still prowls around Staten Island, hoping to hear from his missing mistress. The friends of Kitty O'Neil carefully scan the papers in hope of hearing something of her, and Dr. Rose bides patiently the time when he may reach with legal process Ellen Murphy, the witness by whose testimony the Gordian knot, which binds him in matrimony may be loosened. The only thing which still remains of the early rumors concerning this case is Mrs. Amelia Meyers and her reputed connection with the murder. No denial is yet given of the charge that she knows something of the body deposited in the lonely wood, and the assertion, freely made, that a man, long attached to her household on Staten Island, is missing, is proven. The developments of the 20th, it was thought, might serve to link this woman Meyers with the Jew clothier of Saugerties, who was suspected of having

## ABDUCTED ANNIE HUMMEL.

The connection of the name of Annie Hummel with that of the woman found in the barrel on Staten Island arose from a moral conviction which gradually took hold of the public mind of the little village on the Hudson. It appears that on the 19th the Rev. Dr. Lichtenberg, of Saugerties, went to a funeral, and while there a number of people, unknown to each other, who knew that he had been helping the Hummels to find their daughter, asked him if he had read in the papers concerning the finding of a body on Staten Island. The reverend gentleman said he had seen a few words concerning the case, but had not paid very particular attention. To the answer which he made to many was returned the suspicion entertained by the questioner that the unknown body was that of Annie Hummel. Mr. Lichtenberg thought this general suspicion not unlikely and therupon resolved to come to New York with Hummel and endeavor to identify the corpse. With this end in view he brought Mr. Hummel to the office of Coroner Dempsey, who is most indefatigable in his efforts to unravel the mystery. Mr. Dempsey, with his usual alacrity, started at once to the police headquarters with them, where they had a long conversation with the captain. They were shown a strand of hair, which Mr. Hummel said looked just like his Annie's, but he was not satisfied with it. A brief sketch of this little bit of wood, where are hidden the bodies of hundreds of unknown dead, will be found interesting.

Staten Island would seem to be

## THE HOME OF HOMICIDAL MYSTERY.

Within the past year Mr. McCormick has buried

no less than sixty-seven men and women found dead on the Island. It is true, some of them are not unknown, but their kin seem in no way anxious to take them out from among the pauper dead. Some of the graves mark the end of eventful, even romantic lives, and in scanning the headboards the eye meets one erected over the resting spot of a man of national renown. For years, especially in ante-bellum times, a man of remarkable presence, standing six feet four inches, was frequently noticed on Broadway. He seemed to find great social happiness in the company of old "Forty-niners," and this fact alone was sufficient to identify him as a Californian. It was Colonel Sidney, and a more genial, jolly fellow than he never came east. Time wore on, and the good humored face came less frequently, until finally it was all forgotten by promenading New Yorkers. Suddenly about four years ago he was seen in New York, and was known to be stopping at the St. James Hotel. He did not maintain the state for which of yore he had been famous, but he was now a man of "great expectations." His wife had gone to England and he was to follow her soon to litigate a chancery case almost as tedious as *Jarnadyce vs. Jarnadyce*, in which, it is said, some \$700,000 sterling were involved. Suddenly the Colonel, who was last seen in great, good humor, disappeared from his accustomed haunts. Some feeble and consequently ineffectual efforts were made to find him by the strangers among whom his lines were cast. On the 4th of July, 1874, the body of a man six feet four inches high, was found on the beach below Fort Richmond. An inquest was held, but the only one who came to look at the corpse was a surgeon in the United States Navy, who had known Colonel Sidney, and who recognized in the dead man a former friend. He promised to notify the wife of the Colonel, and requested Mr. McCormick to mark the grave. This was done, but no one ever came to remove the Colonel, who now

## REETS AMONG THE PAUPERS.

The result of the contest over the English estate is unknown.

Near the grave of the Colonel is that of another man who was undoubtedly a gentleman of leisure. It seems strange that one who had with him so many identifying trinkets should have been allowed to go unclaimed. This little squib may serve to discover him to his friends. The name of the man is "Wilson," for on a pocket handkerchief found in one of his pockets that name was worked, in red letters. To the words of one of the grave diggers, who is known as the "King of Prussia," Wilson is a more recent "find" than the Colonel. He was found in the old mill creek on the last Saturday in July last. He was dressed in a scrupulously fitting suit of blue flannel, had on a fine gauze undershirt, low cut shoes with silver buckles, had a sandy goatee and mustache, and in his pockets Mr. McCormick found a cigar case, some business cards and the handkerchief before mentioned. Dozens of cases just as strange as this are told of, and in several instances romances of the most thrilling nature are woven in the stories.

But to return to the present case. Mr. Hummel, after his indecision regarding the hair, was advised to have the body exhumed, and on his accepting the advice his request to that effect was cheerfully complied with by Mr. McCormick, who immediately set the "King of Prussia" and his companions, "Paddy" and "Barlow," to work.

With much difficulty the coffin was raised, and finally the lid, which had been securely nailed, was wrenched off. The crowd that clustered round the box fell back a few steps, and for some time there seemed to be no inclination to view the horrible spectacle the lid had concealed. Finally, Mr. Hummel timidly approached, and stood almost paralyzed by the sight that met his eyes. He seemed

## LOATH TO TOUCH THE HORRID THING.

Being encouraged by Dr. Lichtenberg, he stooped down and picked up the scalp, which in the jostle of exhaling the coffin, had fallen into a corner. He held it up and, recognizing the three-ply braid in which the hair was arranged he exclaimed: "It is my daughter's! It is my daughter!" This discovery seemed to nerve him and he moved to the foot of the coffin, where the head, which was entirely detached from the body, lay. With trembling hand he turned it over, so that the face or what once was the face, was revealed. The teeth stood out prominently, giving the head a most ghastly grimace; but Hummel seemed not to notice this. He moved the upper lip, seemed satisfied with what he saw, turned the head to one side and looked long and steadfastly at the perfect ear. "It is Annie! It is Annie!" Mr. Lichtenberg called his attention to the shapeless trunk which lay coiled up at the other end of the box, and on the breast of it he noticed another sign by which he knew his daughter. He left, and the horrid box was closed again. In silence the party tramped back through the woods to the Poor-house, and when there Mr. Hummel and the doctor told the following story of the disappearance of

## ANNIE FROM HER HOME.

From the poor man's story, it appears that seven years ago he came to this country, and

settled in Saugerties with his wife and six children. One of these was Annie, then thirteen years of age, who went to reside in the family of a Jew named Schoenfeld, a middle-aged, well-to-do man of family, who does business in Saugerties. Here the girl had a good home and all went well until, as the story goes, in the summer of 1877, Mrs. Schoenfeld came to New York to have a chronic difficulty treated. During her long continued absence, it is said, Schoenfeld was seen to kiss Annie and otherwise demean himself improperly. In December last her condition became known to her friends and family. It was given out that she was affected with syphilis, and her employer urged that she go to New York for treatment. Her family objected, and her mother said she would nurse her. Other counsels than those home prevailed on Annie, and on the 25th of December she disappeared. On the 28th, three days afterward, Mr. Hummel received a letter from New York purporting to be from Annie, in which she said she had met a nice lady on the train, who was a doctor, and under whose care she had placed herself. The family did not believe that Annie had written this letter; it gave no address and vouchsafed only the information stated.

Two weary months passed on when finally a letter dated Williamsburg, L. I., was received by the father from a party signing himself "M. D." which stated that Annie was under the care of his wife and was doing well and would soon be

## CURED OF THE DROPSY.

This letter was followed by another without signature, but in the same hand, dated in Brooklyn, stating that Annie was well and in a house, mentioning the number, in Third street. On the receipt of this letter Mr. Lichtenberg declared his intention of coming to New York, and Mr. Schoenfeld volunteered his company. When the couple arrived search was made for the house indicated on Third street, but no such number existed. Schoenfeld manifested the greatest desire to find the lost girl, but always kept his reverend friend in sight. They visited the Brooklyn Police Headquarters, but learned nothing. Then there is a hiatus in the story until August 28, when the following letter, dated "Philadelphia," signed "M. D.," and in the same hand as the others, was received:

"DEAREST MRS. HUMMEL—It is very hard for me that I could not before, but now, as it is possible to do so, I think it is my duty to inform you of your daughter. She has suffered much in the bowels, and the blood became water, as in the case in all dropsical cases. She suffered also from the cramps, and became insensible, so that I could not obtain her address, but now when the woman who attended your daughter came back from the country I learned your address, and now I must communicate to you the fact that your beloved daughter has, spite of all my medical help, gone to the better home. Her last words were, "Dear mother, don't forget your Annie." Respectfully your friend, M. D."

The inconsistency between the second and this letter will be seen at a glance. In the second letter "M. D." states that his wife nursed the girl and in the above he speaks of "a woman."

With the question of identification of his daughter remaining in such doubt, therefore Mr. Hummel finally acceded to suggestions of an examination of the body in the hope that the finding or the lack of traces of a united fracture, Annie having broken her arm when a child, might settle a point. Another point was that the girl had lost one of the upper teeth on the right side. Accordingly the examination was made on the 26th. No fracture of either arm could be found, but a missing tooth as described, did establish one point of identification. It was suggested that the supposed fracture might have been only a sprain which would have left no mark, and this possibility, in connection with the coincidence of the missing tooth only deepens the mystery of this most mysterious affair and leaves the question as to the identity of the body, "is it Annie Hummel?" as far from being answered as ever.

## The Mary Stannard Murder.

MADISON, Conn., September 25.—The Stannard murder trial ended abruptly this afternoon by the discharge of Hayden. A refusal had been made for continuance to allow the state to introduce rebuttal evidence, which, counsel claimed, was very important, but the nature of which they refused to divulge. It was hinted before the court reassembled that the senior counsel for state, Judge Harrison, would refuse to go on under existing circumstances, and this proved true.

Judge Wilcox, in giving his decision discharging the prisoner used the following extraordinary language. He said that he had not been influenced by Hayden's position or his (Wilcox's) previous acquaintance with him. If he was his brother he should not discharge Hayden if there was the least suspicion of guilt. He would say in conclusion that the Court would feel content if he was as sure of heaven and eternal felicity as of Hayden's innocence.

It is reported that new evidence has been found and it is possible that a bench warrant will be issued for Hayden; though counsel for the state refuse to be interviewed as to the nature of the new evidence.

## A DAMNABLE DEED.

An Unknown Woman and Her New Born Babe Brutally Murdered.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., September 22.—Another horrible tragedy, this time involving the death of an unknown woman and her newly-born babe, was disclosed this afternoon near the intersection of the Morris street extension with Eagle Creek, two miles west of the city.

Two fishermen, William E. Palmer and Joseph Pence, had their attention directed by a most foul and nauseating smell, which was traced to a log heap close by the wayside. The first named, upon looking underneath, saw a woman's head, the long, luxuriant light-brown tresses sweeping over the ground or half buried in the sand, and scalp partly loosened or displaced by decay. These men, too terrified to make further examination, promptly acquainted the civil authorities with their discovery, and a further search by the coroner revealed the ghastly tragedy.

The woman was found stripped entirely of clothing, and the right side of her head, notwithstanding the advanced mortification, plainly showed where some blunt weapon had done its deadly work by cutting through the scalp and fracturing the skull. She looked to be probably thirty years of age, but the eyes had disappeared from their sockets, and the decay was so general that little could be judged of her personal appearance beyond that she was of white parentage and medium size. The upper teeth were in excellent preservation, but four of the lower were gone, looking as if forcibly displaced, and two of the remainder were marked with heavy gold filling, the whole carrying the impression that she was a lady of more or less refinement. Between her lower limbs, lying upon her back, were the remains of a newly-born infant of the male gender, the umbilical cord showing the child to have been forcibly torn from its mother while yet alive, while upon its skull is the mark of a cruel blow, as if the helpless one had been swung by its heels against an unyielding surface, and its skull crushed until life was extinct.

The gash was of the rudest sort. A small hole had been scraped in the ground, and the bodies covered by some five or six inches of loose earth. Over this was brush, and upon the whole were piled several logs of considerable length and ranging from eighteen inches to two feet in diameter. Close at hand were the partly obliterated marks of a spring wagon or light vehicle, in which doubtless the remains were transported from this city. The weight of the logs show conclusively that probably more than two, certainly not less, were concerned in the attempted concealment of this most terrible tragedy. The authorities have not the faintest clue toward unraveling the mystery, and are at a loss to give a reasonable supposition. Following close, as it does, upon the heels of the Guetig tragedy, it has excited the liveliest interest among all classes, and inquiries are pressed in every direction to learn if any lady has within the past few days turned up as mysteriously disappeared.

## A SPEEDY SOLUTION.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., September 24.—The damnable tragedy which was first revealed on Sunday afternoon, has had a rapid solution and the hand of justice has undoubtedly been laid upon the wretch who committed this atrocious and most savage horror. After the removal of the remains of the murdered woman to this city they were recognized as those of the wife of William E. Merrick, proprietor of a livery stable here, and the suspicions of the detectives being aroused by a chain of circumstances, he was arrested yesterday and now stands charged with the perpetration of the crime. Further investigations have brought to light evidence of the most damning character against him, and there is not a particle of doubt as to his guilt in the public mind.

Merrick, who is a man of bad character, seduced his late wife some years ago under promise of marriage. In July last she brought suit against him and he compromised by marrying her. Since that time he has appeared to hate her bitterly, and has made frequent threats against her. Public feeling in the matter is terribly excited and there are strong threats of lynching.

## The Billings Murder Trial.

The Billings trial has continued throughout the week. The defense has put forth its utmost endeavors to prove an alibi and the proceedings have been of a highly exciting character, with the probabilities at present strongly in favor of their being able to establish it. The evidence of the Washburne family in reference to Billings' presence in their house on the night of the murder, and at the very hour at which it has been agreed the fatal shot was fired is very strong, and the length of time he remained there was so well entrenched by the conclusive testimony of Mrs. Washburne as to produce a marked impression on the minds of all.

Another strong point for the defense was the testimony of George W. Jones to the effect that he saw the accused enter the Washburne house some minutes before the shot, which he heard, was fired. In short, if this testimony cannot be broken down, the acquittal of Billings is assured.

## TALMAGE'S TOUR.

The Great Boanerges of Brooklyn Preparing for a Tilt at the Iniquities of New York, Determines to

## SEE HOW IT IS HIMSELF.

For Which Purpose He Takes a Cruise Among the "Loud" Resorts of the City and Obtains

## AN EDIFYING GLIMPSE OF FAST LIFE.

(With Illustrations and Portrait of Rev. Mr. Talmage.)

On Thursday evening, 19th ult., the Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage, of Brooklyn, accompanied by two friends and escorted by Police Inspector Murray and Police Commissioner Nichols, made a tour of the dance houses and disreputable resorts in the upper part of the city for the purpose of acquainting himself personally with the dangers and temptations besetting the young men in this city. They first went to the "Cremorne." The party then consisted of the Rev. Dr. Talmage, another clergyman, said to be Dr. Crosby, Police Commissioner S. P. Nichols, Inspector Murray and Captain Williams. None of the latter's officers were patrolling the neighborhood at the time, but the proprietor of the "Cremorne," who was standing at the main entrance, at once recognized the distinguished visitors. He hastened to do them honor, and suggested to the two ministers that the best view of the entertainment could be had from the gallery. When the gentlemen went above as directed, a variety performance was going on. The proprietor immediately suggested cigars for the guests that were doing him such high honor. He even went so far as to offer to select the choicest brands the house afforded. Dr. Talmage and the other clergymen

DECLINED THIS HOSPITALITY.

During the stay of the party no change was made in the programme. The two clergymen sauntered through the gilded parlors for a few moments. They then stood up in front and occupied sofa chairs while a song and dance was being artistically done on a stage in front of them. After the applause of the audience—except the two clergymen—had subsided the latter nodded to Commissioner Nichols and his companions that they had had enough. On leaving the establishment the clerical guests congratulated their host upon the excellent entertainment he was giving to his patrons.

From the "Cremorne" the distinguished visitors strolled down to the "Buckingham." One of Captain Williams' men caught sight of him as he was coming down the street. The man who takes the tickets being notified, the visitors were ushered in with special honors. Neither of the proprietors of the "Buckingham" had any idea who Captain Williams and Inspector Murray's companions were. Ample apologies were afterwards made for any apparent negligence that might have proceeded from this ignorance. The clergymen taking for granted that the best place was up-stairs, as had been the case in the "Cremorne," went up at once to the gallery. It was a

## GALA NIGHT AT THE "BUCKINGHAM."

As they looked from their vantage ground the merry dancers below were bathed in colors of the rainbow from the lime light as they turned round and round in the waltz. None of the party ventured on the dancing platform or in the summer garden where lager beer was served. They did not hesitate, however, to say that the variegated lights entwined in the green shrubbery had a very pretty effect. Only ten minutes was spent at the "Buckingham." As Dr. Talmage was going down the main staircase he turned round to one of his companions and is said to have remarked: "Well, this is one of the quietest places of the kind I was ever in." Then the party left the building, the police officials giving a friendly recognition to one or two who were standing round the outer door.

The party next dropped in at the "Strand," which is kept by "Dan" Kerrigan, a member of the Tammany Hall general committee, and saw there politicians and pickpockets cheek by jowl with noisy, half-drunk women, keeping time with their glasses to the music of a piano played by a beery German. A stroll along West Thirty-first street was rewarded by the sight of a number of brilliantly illuminated houses with the sounds of

## MUSIC ISSUING FROM THEIR OPEN BLINDS.

West Twenty-seventh and Thirty-second streets, between Sixth and Eighth avenues, revealed the same sights and sounds. The party saw enough to satisfy them that there is no reason to doubt the reported existence of eighty-one houses of ill-fame in Captain Williams' precinct (the Twenty-ninth). Several gambling houses were visited—both the low policy shops kept by negroes in West Twenty-seventh street and those like that on West Twenty-fourth street, near Broadway.

What explanation was given by the police

authorities of the existence of these places is not known. Inspector Murray refused to speak on the subject, and Dr. Talmage is keeping his materials for use in the form of a sermon on the "Iniquities of New York," which he will deliver shortly in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. The party did not go to the Tivoli, kept by Mr. Aberle, of the Tammany general committee, or to any of the many houses of ill-repute on Greene and Wooster streets, or to the place of "The" Allen, at 615 Broadway, reported by the police to be a gambling house, or to any of the "dives" in the Bowery, where drunken countrymen are nightly robbed and assaulted. The Chinese gambling house on Baxter street and the dance houses on Water and Cherry streets were also overlooked.

## A Festive Widow's Favorite.

(Subject of Illustration.)

AUSTIN, Texas, September 15.—There has been living for some time in this town a dashing widow, who has caused considerable sensation among the male sex. She hails from Meadville, Pa. Her maiden name was Mattie Packer, alias Mattie Mitchell. She married in the latter place a man named Slattery. The couple moved west and located at Poplar Bluff, Mo., on the Iron Mountain railroad, her husband finding employment on that road, as he was a railroad man. But, alas, Mattie began to grow unfaithful to her husband, so he moved to Texas, she following a little later, to Austin, where they settled. He died shortly after, leaving her in the position of a widow, which was one she had always coveted, as it gave her the desired opportunity to set up what was supposed to be a boarding house, but which proved to be a house of accommodation for late, transient guests. Studious observers at neighboring windows saw men constantly going to and coming from the house at very late and very early hours of the twenty-four. Among the most frequent of these callers was an individual known as "Jimmie," alias "Col." Piper, who used to peddle "snide" jewelry among the demimonde of the African persuasion. He also, it is alleged, carried about his person large amounts of so-called "bonds," purporting to be negotiable with which to conduct, as it is charged, various dark and vain business transactions. He was charged on one occasion with borrowing a shotgun from a firm in Pecan street, and pawing it, for which he was captured and lodged in jail.

He was a nightly visitor at the widow Slattery's. On a recent occasion he met there an individual known as "Shorty, the Thumper," a boarder at the widow's. The latter who had been indulging freely in beer, began talking to the widow in a threatening manner, claiming precedence in her affections. This incensed the widow and she asked Piper to protect her. Piper picked up a heavy oak chair and struck the "Thumper" over the head with it. Down they both went, "Shorty the Thumper" uppermost. Piper yelled lustily when the widow ran in screaming at the top of her voice, "He's killing my Jimmie," and rushed to the rescue of the latter, catching "Shorty" by the hair and endeavoring to pull him off her favorite. At this reinforcements for the other sailed down in the shape of a huge mulatto woman who picked the widow up bodily and came near throwing her over the fence into the street. The result was that "Shorty" came off victorious, putting a bay window, with heavy cornice work, neatly done, over each eye of the "Col." Every one, with the exception of the latter and the widow, was delighted with the job and "Shorty" was congratulated on the effectiveness of its execution. The "Col." was obliged to borrow a pair of pantaloons, his own being irretrievably damaged in the encounter, for the purpose of leaving town, which he did speedily. He has not returned either the pantaloons or himself, and it is the universal belief that there is little immediate prospect of his doing so.

## A Fair and Adroit Robber.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A wholesale merchant from Indianapolis was approached by a well-dressed gentleman in this city, a few days since, and acquaintance was claimed on the ground of belonging to the same church in Indianapolis. The merchant accepted the man on his own introduction as Mr. Johnson, and at his invitation the two spent the evening in a theatre, where the merchant inadvertently said that he should start for home the next evening with \$10,000 worth of checks and drafts. The next evening the merchant was met at the depot by Mr. Johnson and an elegantly dressed lady whom he introduced as Mrs. Johnson. "He would be delighted if the merchant would take charge of Mrs. Johnson until they arrived in Cleveland, where she would visit some relatives." Mrs. Johnson proved equally as entertaining as her husband, and asked whether the merchant was a sound sleeper, and whether he thought he would awake if any accident were to happen the train. He thought he would sleep until morning, no matter what happened. After retiring the merchant took the precaution to place his watch and money under his pillow, and when he awoke in Buffalo the fair Mrs. Johnson and his pocketbook were gone. She had gone off to Rochester to answer to a telegram from her husband, so the conductor told the merchant in the morning.

## A FAMOUS TEXAS FEUD.

Story of the Memorable Murder of Green Butler, Which Led to Innumerable Plots of Retaliatory Assassination—How a Terrible Battle Between the Eager Rival Avengers Was Averted by a Ludicrous Incident.

GALVESTON, Tex., September 21.—In 1873 there resided on the prairie near Clear Creek on the bay, twenty-five miles west of Galveston, a highly respectable, wealthy and much esteemed citizen and stock raiser, Green Butler. His prairie home was adorned by a beautiful and accomplished wife, and within its precincts reigned happiness, which neither she nor her devoted husband dreamed would so soon come to an everlasting end.

Butler had a large connection of friends, and was well known in the country for his stanch and worthy qualities. He had enemies, and among them a family named Allen, residing many miles to the westward.

The sun had set behind the distant strip of dark woods that at intervals traverse the provinces in this latitude, and the shades of night fallen around the white painted cottage of Green Butler. Even the banisters of the rural veranda had faded from view as two men rode up to the little wicket gate that opened on to the yard. One of them hallooed and called Butler out, saying they wanted lodgings for the night. Totally unsuspecting, he descended the steps, leaving Mrs. Butler within, and unhesitatingly walked to the gate. No sooner had he arrived at the picket than one of the parties on horseback commenced firing at him. Butler fell, pierced by a sufficient number of balls to produce death. Having completed their devilish work, the assassins rode away into the gloom of the prairies. The dying man, with the life blood trickling down on the sand, breathed his last in the

## ARMS OF HIS FAITHFUL WIFE.

With her kisses on his brow, cold with the sweat of death, she received his last words.

"Andrew Walker has killed me!" Butler was buried. Walker, a young man and friend of the Allens, and another man named Jeff. Black, were arrested, charged with a crime at which the devils themselves would blush. It was supposed the assassins were hired for a price. Sam Allen, a wealthy stock owner of Clear Creek, backed the accused, and the most eminent counsel of the state were retained. The case dragged on in the courts for five years, during which Walker and Black were both twice convicted—the one for the gallows, the other for life. But by means of mis-trials, new trials, reversals by the Supreme Court and Court of Appeals—many charged bribery in some quarter, but where nobody positively indicated—the alleged murderers have to this day eluded punishment.

The friends of Butler some time ago, and since his liberation on bond, attempted the life of Black, who was said to be accessory in the murder. He was fired at through an open window, at the house of a friend, but escaped with slight injuries. At his last trial in Wallisville, Chambers county, whether the case had been carried by change of venue, Black was acquitted. During the trial the "Butler crowd," and the retainers and followers of the Allen side—all armed and ready—were present in Wallisville, a small village on the low damp prairie of Chambers county. Colonel Butler, brother of the deceased, was in the town with his men, and the citizens, who thoroughly understood matters,

## EXPECTED A BLOODY AFFRAY.

Both parties occupied separate boarding houses, which were literally temporary arsenals filled with Winchester rifles and six-shooters.

While the retainers on both sides stood in readiness for the difficulty which was evidently intended. Black, walking between his counsel, Colonel Denison and Joseph Chambers, was ascending the stairs of the court house of Wallisville, a desperado, Sam Wright, one of Butler's men, rode up the street in front, and drawing his six-shooter, took deliberate aim at Black's head and fired. The ball unfortunately, missed its aim, only grazing the man's neck. Black fell, and Wright, thinking him hurt, rode over to the Wheeler Hotel across the street, that being the headquarters of the Butler men. With pistol in hand he quietly awaited, not an officer, but for the fight to open in which Butler's friends fully intended to take vengeance. In the meantime a man named Autry, from Houston, one of the Allen crowd, got into an altercation with Colonel Butler. One of the Allen faction went off to him and asked him if he intended to settle the matter by shooting; if so the action might as well begin. Butler immediately went to the hotel, got his pistol, and by the time he returned his faction were all flourishing their arms—Winchesters and six-shooters—whilst their opponents seemed equally determined on a fight. It looked as though a most bloody encounter was imminent.

At this juncture one of the Butler party ran down the street as if the devil were after him. Halting about ten steps in front of the Allen crowd, he took off his hat, kicked it up with his

left heel, turned a somersault, fell flat on the ground with his face to the enemy, flourished his pistols and hollered to the foe to come on, as he was ready. Both factions were in line of battle, but the action of the man appeared so ludicrous and funny that a truce seemed to be tacitly agreed upon, and amid great amusement the "hostiles" left the village for their homes without settling the feud that still sways the breasts of their respective chiefs. Such are some of the excitements of Texas, a specimen of the scenes of the great and rising Southwest.

## Another Chicago Thief Dropped.

CHICAGO, Ill., September 21.—At about half-past three o'clock this morning, as Officer M. J. Crow was coming north on his beat along Wabash avenue, his attention was attracted to a strong light in the parlor window of the residence of J. H. Martin, 1,838 Wabash avenue. At first he thought that the occupant of the house had for some reason or other lit the gas. He crossed the street, however, with another officer, Peter Keebler, and watched the movements of the parties within. They could distinguish the shadows of two men on the blinds, moving about in a mysterious manner. One of them was observed with a child's necklace in his hands, which he seemed to have taken from a drawer. The officers were now sure that the parties were burglars, and Crow, telling Keebler to watch in the front and whistle if they made their appearance, went to the rear. No sooner had he got to the rear than he heard his brother officer whistle. He ran in front, but the burglars had again gone into the house. He then ran into the rear again, and observed two men making their way through the back fence, which was partly broken down. He shouted "Halt! I am a policeman." They continued to run, however, and Crow pulled his revolver and fired. One of them dropped instantly and remained lying with his face to the ground. The other kept on his way, and turning fired one shot at the officer. The latter returned the fire, but missed him. Calling to Keebler to watch the prostrate burglar, he continued his pursuit after the other.

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Returning to the alley, the officers examined the fallen burglar. The shot had entered the back of his head and penetrated his brain, killing him instantly. Upon searching his body a watch was found which had been taken from Dr. Valkenburgh the night before, at his residence, near the corner of Thirty-first street and Indiana avenue. The fugitive reached this and jumped in, whipped up the horse and drove furiously away before the officer could get him. Returning to the alley, the officers examined the fallen burglar. The shot had entered the back of his head and penetrated his brain, killing him instantly. Upon searching his body a watch was found which had been taken from Dr. Valkenburgh the night before, at his residence, near the corner of Thirty-first street and Indiana avenue. The doctor recognized him as one of the parties who had held a pistol to his head and robbed him. When taken to the station the body was identified as that of Burt Taylor, a well-known thief and burglar. It was only yesterday that he was indicted by the Grand Jury for robbing Mr. Marsh's residence, corner Calumet and Grand avenue. He was a powerfully built young man, twenty-four years of age, with a face clean shaven. His partner, who escaped, can be identified, and will no doubt soon be captured.

## Negro Murderer Lynched.

ATLANTA, Ga., September 22.—Last night, about eleven o'clock, a crowd of men, estimated at from sixty to seventy-five, rode into town, went at once to the jail and demanded the keys of the jailor, who firmly refused. They then demanded that he should open the doors. After he refused they provided themselves with axes, hammers and crowbars. When the jailor saw that resistance would be folly, and that they were determined to go in, he reluctantly gave up the keys, whereupon they entered and took Daniel McBride, the negro who murdered a white man six miles north of here, on the railroad, on the night of the 7th of September. They took McBride to the identical place where he had cut the man's throat, and he made a full confession, stating that he had killed the man for his money and got \$11.

While the mob had him under the tree several gentlemen made speeches, saying the law should take its course. While a ballot was being taken, the crowd having increased to 150, some four or five pulled him up, saying they had come for that purpose. No fears of lynching were entertained by the sheriff, or, in fact, by anyone, but since the hanging it has transpired that meetings had been held for several nights in the northern part of the county, and the determination to hang him on the spot was made several nights ago. The matter was conducted so quietly that few citizens knew that he had been taken from the jail until this morning.

The coroner held an inquest on the negro's body to-day. The verdict was death from strangulation by the hands of unknown parties. Public opinion is divided. Most citizens preferred that he should have had a trial. Others say it served him right, as he was, beyond doubt, guilty, and it was saving time and expense. The negro's crime was peculiarly atrocious. His companion, a white man, name unknown, had been tramping with him several days, when, while camping out one day, the negro cut his throat from ear to ear.



1 OF HORRORS—NOTABLE LANDMARKS AMONG THE SLUMS OF NEW YORK—A BAXTER STREET DEN WHICH HAS BEEN THE SCENE OF SEVEN MYSTERIOUS MURDERS.—See PAGE 14.



ANIMATED FOUR-HANDED FIGHT PARTICIPATED IN BY A FESTIVE WIDOW, HER RIVAL LOVERS AND A MULATTO OUTSIDE, AUSTIN, TEX.—See PAGE 7.



COMPULSORY BARBERISM—A GANG OF TRAMPS CAPTURE A BARBER AND OMPEL HIM TO SHAVE THEM, AT RIVERSIDE, N. J.—See PAGE 13.



WILLIAM, ALIAS "KID" O'BRIEN, A NOTED THIEF, FATALLY SHOT BY OFFICER JONES, CHICAGO, ILL.—SEE PAGE 4.



MR. PAUL JONES MURDEROUSLY ASSAULTED AND ROBBED BY HIGHWAYMEN, TERRE HAUTE, IND.—SEE PAGE 4.



THE GUETIG-MCGLEW TRAGEDY—BRUTAL MURDER OF MISS MARY McGLEW BY LOUIS GUETIG, BECAUSE SHE REFUSED HIS ADVANCES, AT THE SPENCER HOUSE, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—SEE PAGE 8.

## EPIDEMIC EVIL.

More Widespread and Dangerous than the Scourge of the South it Infects the Whole Country.

## SOME FRESH CASES

Of the Disease, Exhibited in its Homicidal Symptoms, as Reported from Various Sections.

## TO BE DOCTORED BY JACK KETCH.

## THE BACK BAY VICTIM IDENTIFIED.

BOSTON, Mass., September 22.—The woman outraged and murdered on the Back Bay has been identified positively as Alice V. Eastman, of dissolute habits, who has been an inmate of houses of ill-fame here. Her husband, a year ago, ran away with another woman and is supposed to be in Chicago, although it is rumored he has been in Boston lately. The victim has a beautiful daughter in the insane asylum here, and some time ago attempted suicide twice by taking laudanum. Her brother, Isaac Osgood, is postmaster of Heron, Me. The general opinion now prevails that the woman was outraged by several parties, who, to prevent detection, murdered her. The mystery surrounding the affair still continues to create excitement among the community, and the police feel confident of yet bringing the perpetrators to justice.

## WHISKY'S BLOODY WORK.

FAXEDOM, Ind., September 22.—The people of this place are in a high state of excitement over a brutal murder that was committed here last night. Anthony White, of this place, who had been drinking, had some words with James Patterson and others. White told them he was drinking, and did not wish to engage in any quarrel, whereupon Patterson struck him, saying he (White) "had a pistol, and let's take it away from him." They then seized him. White begged to be let alone, and that he would give up the pistol. Patterson found the pistol and taking it, said: "Now I have it, d—n him!" and shot White in the back of the head, killing him almost instantly. The coroner's inquest rendered a verdict that he came to his death by a pistol shot in the hands of Joseph Patterson, and that Charles Patterson, William Adams and John Bryant were accessories to the act. They were all promptly arrested, chained, and taken to Spencer and lodged in jail, to await a preliminary examination. Whisky was probably the cause of the whole affair.

## SICKENING DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, September 21.—A horrible tragedy—wife murder and suicide—occurred on Elm street at 9:30 o'clock to-night. Chris Prehn shot his wife's brains out and then blew his own head off, in the presence of his aged father and mother. Mr. and Mrs. Prehn were both young, he twenty-three years old and she one and a half years younger. They were married four years ago, and had three children, all of whom are dead. It was an unhappy match, and a constant state of belligerency marked their married life. About two months ago a quarrel led to a separation. She left him and went to the house of a friend, but was finally persuaded to return. Last Wednesday the ruction broke out again. He came home to his dinner and found fault with what she had provided. At supper he found upon the table the same dishes he had objected to at dinner. Then he broke the dishes and she left him again. They met by accident at his father's house this evening for the first time either one had seen each other since the unhappy separation. She came first to the paternal roof, and he soon after entered also. Their quarrel was renewed at once, when Prehn's father and mother called them both into the bed-room and attempted to reconcile the couple. The four had been together for an hour or more when the tragedy occurred. The old folks and daughter were seated, and Prehn walking the floor. Suddenly he halted at his wife's chair, placed an ugly pistol at her left temple and sent a bullet crashing through her brain. She fell, dying into the hands of the horrified father, and before either of the aged couple could realize the situation, Prehn turned the pistol to his own head and emptied a second chamber into his brain, the ball passing in at almost the identical place his wife was shot. He fell to the floor, and died almost instantly.

## ANOTHER MURDEROUS LOVER.

OLEAN, N. Y., September 20.—At least two hundred men are scouring the woods of southern McKean county, Pa., in search of Andrew Tracy, a lawyer of Smithport, who shot and killed Mary Reilly in that village on Wednesday night. Miss Reilly was Tracy's cousin. She lived with her parents on a farm two miles from Smithport. She was exceedingly handsome and accomplished, and Tracy was mad in love with her. A fortnight ago he proposed to her and was rejected. On Wednesday Miss Reilly was in Smith-

port visiting friends. In the evening she was out walking with Belle Mullin, with whom she intended spending the night. The two girls saw on the street Andrew Tracy and his friend, Frank McCabe. The young men were behind the girls. "I don't want to meet Andrew," said Miss Reilly to her friend. "Let us hurry on home." It was about half-past 8 o'clock. The girls hurried on. When they reached the gate of Miss Mullin's residence in Main street, a man ran up behind them. They both turned quickly to see who it was. The man drew a pistol and shot Miss Reilly through the brain. She dropped dead on the sidewalk. The powder from the pistol burned Miss Mullin's face, and the concussion threw her to the sidewalk also. The man ran rapidly away. A large crowd soon collected. The pistol ball had entered Miss Reilly's left temple, and passed clear through her head. Miss Mullin had no suspicion as to who the murderer was, as he had not been recognized by her. It was midnight before it was ascertained that Andrew Tracy had fired the fatal shot. Then a crowd of men went to his mother's house. Mrs. Tracy and John, another son, were the only ones at home. They denied all knowledge of Andrew's whereabouts at first, saying he had gone to Port Allegany that day, and had not returned. Mrs. Tracy afterward acknowledged that her son had come home at about 9 o'clock, greatly agitated. He said: "Mother, I have committed a fearful crime, and must fly from this place. You will never see me again." He took a loaf of bread and a quilt, saying that he should need both in the timber, and then fled to the woods. All efforts so far to find him have proved fruitless. If he had been captured any time yesterday, he would have been lynched. It is not possible for him to escape alive. Tracy was a promising young lawyer, and well thought of. He is twenty-five years of age. Miss Reilly was twenty-three.

## READING'S ROMANCE.

Horrifying Legend of the Olden Time in which a Noted Ancient Inn of the Quaint Pennsylvania Dutch Town with a Dark and Mysterious Piratical Stranger as its Landlord Furnishes the Rich Materials.

Many years ago—so long that the mind of no man living at the present time runs to the contrary—there stood an old and dilapidated hostelry where now stands one of the most beautiful of the private residences of Reading, Pa. During the Colonial struggle it was used as a hospital for the sick and maimed Hessians who encamped on what is now known as the fair ground. Still later it was taken possession of by two Germans—man and wife—Gottlieb and Gretchen Schmidt—and kept as a tavern. It was a frequent resort of the Berks county farmers, and many a high carousal was held within its ancient walls. It was surrounded by a green lawn, and had a large, old-fashioned pump and water trough in the front yard, where tired man and beast could refresh themselves. Here the Schmidts lived, lived and reared a large family. Time rolled on and death swept away the parent, and the children went out into the world to seek their own fortunes. It was next kept by a dark, and foreign-looking stranger, who, it was said, was an exile, having been banished during the Napoleonic wars. Tradition says that many a cattle drover or weary traveler stopping at the "Travelers' Rest," was

## NEVER KNOWN TO LEAVE ITS DOORS.

One by one its once frequenters left it and chose other places of resort. In a few years it was comparatively deserted, save by a few as villainously-looking men as ever lived. This dark-looking stranger was inn-keeper for five or six years, and, it is said, fleeced many a man out of his hard-earned gains. One night he suddenly left, and was not heard from for some years. During all this time the old building was left standing without a tenant, and no one ever crossed its threshold. No man living had the courage to go near it at night, and the "Travelers' Rest" became a synonym for all that is bad and evil. Mysterious lights were seen flitting around the old house, and strange noises were often heard proceeding from its direction. Ten years passed on and the good and stout old citizens had all forgotten about the mysterious inn-keeper. Their minds were suddenly refreshed one autumn afternoon by the appearance among them of an old man wearing a clerical garb. He came by the ancient-looking village stage and put up at one of the taverns. He said that he was priest from one of the numerous monasteries on the coast of Spain, and that some months ago he was called upon to attend a prisoner just before his execution. He had prayed long and well with him, and the criminal seemed affected. He was the mysterious inn-keeper of ten years ago. He then told the priest such a story of robbery and bloodshed that would

## MAKE PITTING ANGELS WEEP.

During the time that he had been tavern-keeper in the village of Reading he had murdered no less than six innocent and inoffensive citizens. In the cellar of the old inn an immense hole was dug in which he had thrown his victims. Many

bushels of lime did their corroding work and not a trace of either decaying flesh or skeleton remained. When he left Reading, Antoine Rodgio—for such was his name—also left America, and became commander of one of the finest crafts in the nefarious business of buccaneering. For ten years had he plowed the seas and kept the mariners in constant dread. Many a time had he made raids on the coast towns on both sides of the continent and murdered the citizens. With a few trusty followers he one night entered a small Spanish town ben upon pillage and murder. The citizens were laying in wait for him, and he was captured, tried and condemned. It was then that the priest was called to administer the last spiritual rites. Just before the execution the criminal had handed the priest a packet, which, upon being opened, was found to contain a confession to many murders, and bequeathing all his property to his victims' relatives. Nearly all of it was buried in various parts of the world, and maps accompanied the confession, making it an easy task

## TO FIND THE BURIED TREASURE.

The priest confided all this to only one man in whom he fully trusted that the provisions of Antoine Rodgio's will would be fully carried out. But in an evil hour this man could not resist the temptation, and he appropriated all the valuables to himself.

More than a half century has passed away, and the old inn has long been one of the things of the past. Where it once stood is reared the stately roof of a rich man's house. But his mind is never at peace. Mysterious noises are often heard throughout the whole house. There is a large pit in the cellar which seems to be bottomless. Many hundreds of cart loads of dirt have been emptied into the hole, and it still seems to be deep as ever. Sulphurous fumes are emitted from the mouth of the pit, and mysterious noises often proceed from its bottomless depths. Weird, unintelligible voices make the night hideous with their chattering, and the rich man is not at rest. The sins of his father prey heavily upon his mind. One time he had the courage to ask why the spirits should thus torment him, and they answered that as long as he should remain in possession of one single cent of money that belonged to their kith and kin they would haunt him to the grave. This man walks the streets of Reading with noiseless tread. He is a mere shadow. He is wearied in body and mind. He totters when he walks, and his eyes are sunken deep into his forehead. But he still clings to his father's ill-gotten riches, and would sooner impoverish his mind and soul than give up to the rightful heirs his father's ill-gotten wealth.

## FATE OF A DOMESTIC DESPOILER.

A Jealous California Husband Discovers His Wife's Paramour in Her Bed-Room and Kills Him Before Her Eyes, After a Fierce Struggle.

VISALIA, Cal., September 13.—Last night, about half-past 9 o'clock, a terrible tragedy took place in Visalia, the facts of which are as follows: William J. White has for some time suspected his wife of infidelity, and yesterday (Thursday) at dinner, he told her he was going to Tipton. But he stayed in town, and about 8 o'clock last night quietly entered the house and secreted himself under the bed of two little girls who were staying at his house—an old brick building, formerly used as a hospital. After dinner, Mrs. White saw Dr. Mehring, the County Physician, in town, and asked him to come and see her. B. W. Cullom, who had been stopping at Mr. White's, went home about 9 o'clock last night and about half an hour afterwards, as it appeared, Dr. Mehring came in. There was then no light in the house. The doctor entered Mrs. White's room, and a few minutes after Mr. White went into the room and asked who was there. There was no reply. He asked again, and still received no answer. Mehring tried to dodge him and get out of the room, but they met and a terrible struggle ensued. White yelled out, as he closed in with Mehring, "Now, you ——, I've got you." Several families in the neighborhood were awakened by the noise, and Marshal Williams and Night Watchman George Brown hastened to the scene. In the scuffle, White got out of his pocket a small knife and cut Mehring in several places, all the time crying, "Now, I've got you; you'll never outrage another man's family." When Mehring found that White was getting away with him he began to cry out, "Oh, don't; oh, don't; don't kill me!" White had him by the collar by one hand, and with the other cut his throat from ear to ear with the small knife, making

## THREE FRIGHTFUL GASHES.

Mr. Cullom, awakened by the noise, rushed out doors, where he thought the row was; then hearing the noise inside more distinctly, he rushed back into the house and into the sitting-room where the scuffle was going on. The fray began in the bed-room, but terminated in the sitting-room. As Cullom entered the room he saw Mrs. White in her night-clothes, and asked her what was the matter. She made no reply. White then rose up from where he had just

killed the doctor, and said, "It is Dr. Mehring; he has outraged my family, and I have finished him. Where is my wife? I'll kill her too." Mr. Cullom sprang between them, threw up his arm and said, "Mr. White, don't do that. White then desisted. Marshal Williams and George Brown then coming up, he said, "Come on; I'm ready to surrender." They started with him to the jail, where he was placed in custody. A reporter visited Mr. White in jail in the morning. He found him with his shirt-bosom bespattered with blood; his hand was cut, and his torn coat bore evidence of the encounter. He appeared very much excited, especially when speaking of his wife, for whom he seems to cherish the tenderest affection. The following is the statement of the husband:

"It was just a few minutes before 8 o'clock that I first came into the house, I went in the back way. My suspicions were first aroused because my wife would not allow her nieces to sleep with her when I was away. She often spoke of Dr. Mehring as being a handsome man, and had become lukewarm and indifferent toward me. I wanted to know if she was innocent, and

## MADE UP MY MIND TO FIND IT OUT.

I told her that day at dinner that I was going to Tipton. I did it as a blind, to see whether I had got a true woman or not. I went into the house about 8 o'clock and crawled under the bed of two little girls sleeping at my house in another room. When I got under the bed I laid perfectly quiet, though my wife and the children were all skipping and dancing about the room. Finally, about 9 o'clock, she told them that they must go to bed. Then Mr. Cullom, who was staying in my house, came home and called out to my wife, 'Are you all gone to bed?' She said 'Yes,' and he then said, 'Has that runaway husband of yours got back?' She said 'No.' After that Mr. Cullom got into his bed, and all then went to bed. She afterwards got up and lit the light. Before anybody came she blew out the light. I heard a step on the porch. I was still under the bed. I waited as long as I could and then crawled quietly out. I got up, opened the door and stepped in at the door of my wife's room, when I heard them fondling each other in a stooping position on the floor. She jumped up and said, 'My God! what has brought you home at this hour of the night?' I said something like this—my suspicions were aroused—I said, 'Who is that in there?' Nobody answered. I asked again, 'Who's there?' No answer. He attempted to get behind the door. I said, 'Come out, you ——, and hallooed 'Murder!' and 'Robber!' I was the first man to halloo. As he came out he took me by my arm and by my coat. I took hold of him with my right hand and took out of my pocket a little corkscrew knife and opened it with my teeth. I still

## HELD HIM WITH MY RIGHT HAND.

He had hold of me and threw me over a chair. In the turn I got my knife in the other hand. I did not know then with whom I was scuffling, and did not know until I had struck him on the jugular vein with my knife. I had no intention of killing him until he threw me back. My wife said, 'It is Dr. Mehring,' and he hallooed, 'Murder!' Mr. Cullom here entered the room, and I was taken away. When Mehring released his hold I left him. He stuck to me like a leech. This happened about 9:30 o'clock. I only engaged Dr. Mehring to please my wife. I had no suspicions of Mehring, but I noticed my wife had a preference for him, and I spoke favorably of him. The whole world knows I love her. She was all I had, and she had everything I could give her. Dr. Mehring had not treated her for two months. She had no occasion to call him or any physician; she was well and hearty. The night before she was working until 8 o'clock, and last night was hopping and dancing about the room until she went to bed. I had no intention of killing him."

The following is the statement of Mrs. White, as given before the coroner's jury, taken in short-hand: "I had no occasion for a doctor for some months; but when under his treatment once I was very sick, and he went away and left me, and sent another doctor. That made my husband mad, and he said he should not doctor his family again. A few days ago I saw him and as I felt mean I spoke to him and told him how I felt. He said he would come down in a few days. I met him yesterday. I asked him to come, and he came last evening. I knew my husband was opposed to his doctoring me. I was just getting a light when my husband came in. I don't know what he did—I was too much scared. I had no light and I couldn't see. If my husband was jealous I didn't know it."

## Another Tennessee Lynching.

MURFREESBORO, Tenn., September 26.—At 3 o'clock this morning a mounted and armed mob rode up to Jailer Murphy's door, aroused him and violently demanded admittance. Murphy's wife, solicitous for the life of her husband, urged him to open the door. It was, accordingly, opened, and three strangers asked the way to the cell of Jim Russell, committed for an attempted outrage on Mrs. Jackson, aged sixty, on August 25. At daylight Russell was found hanging to the limb of a tree, near here, whose branches have swung several criminals.

## BEALES' BOARDER.

Remarkable Domestic Arrangement Developed in a Racy San Francisco Divorce Suit.

## A PATIENT HUSBAND.

And a Beautiful Wife Who, Out of Her Abounding Love, had Enough Left to go Around

## AMONG SUNDRY WORTHY YOUNG MEN

The divorce suit of Henry Channing Beales against his wife, Mary E. W. Beales, in San Francisco, has for some time been the sensational topic of the day in that city. The court refused Mrs. Beales alimony, pending the decision of the suit for the reason that she had, in her answer to her husband's complaint, alleged that there had never been any marriage between them.

The plaintiff, Henry Channing Beales, is a native of New York. He went to San Francisco in the "early days" in the prime of life, and has ever since resided there, and is a well known citizen. He is now about fifty-five years of age, there or thereabout. In 1854, when Beales was of the sprightly age of thirty-one, he succeeded, after the usual processes, in graduating into the heart's love of the lady from whom he now seeks separation and who was then a beautiful and accomplished girl of eighteen. And in July or August of that year they were duly married. The residence of Mr. Beales, and of Mrs. Beales, and of the children of Mrs. Beales, has for a long time been in the family homestead, 2201 California street, corner of Laguna. About ten years ago Mr. Beales became acquainted with a gentleman still a resident of San Francisco. He is also a native of New York, and seemed possessed of so many excellent qualities that Mr. Beales made him

## A ROOMER AND BOARDER.

The tall and slender girl of eighteen had then grown into the more entrancing beauty of a young mother of thirty-two years, she having borne four children. The welcome guest in the household was then a handsome young man, of modest manners, and of a gentle, affectionate and remarkably loving disposition. Who can tell how swift were the strides from the courtesy of strangers to the recognition of acquaintances, to the liking of two persons meeting in the same society and the same house, to the tender warmth of a preferred friendship, to quiet love? None, it is asserted, can fix the brief time it required more accurately than Henry Channing Beales. It was an intense and fervid love that would not wait to learn whether it was in strict accordance with the glowing commentaries of that amorous young troubadour of the law, Mr. Blackstone, to wit, or with the Plutonic codes of those wise young men from the foothills or the cow counties, but it was a love that they had permitted to grow until it was so resistless that it was a law unto itself, and Mr. Beales knew it—knew it ten years ago. So far these little differences of opinion between Mr. Beales and Mrs. Beales are not unlike those that always have occurred, are now occurring and always will occur between two persons who have been graciously accorded the county clerk's license to unite their love and have been sent forth legally harnessed by a justice of the peace or an archbishop, with an injunction to pull together till death doth them separate or the whiffletree snaps or other accident occurs. The curious part of it is that Beales

## KNEW IT HIMSELF TEN YEARS AGO.

The lover remained in the house as might have remained a favored son until barely a year ago. The love that the handsome and affectionate young man bore the woman rapidly grew into love that would brook no rival, and the love the impassioned woman bore him was one that would not give it any.

The consequence of this was that the exact status of Mr. Beales in Mr. Beales' family is somewhat difficult to define. No one is willing to aver of his or her own knowledge that Mr. Beales was not accorded a comfortably furnished single room with a half bed and one pillow, but there's never a one, and Mr. Beales is probably one of the number, that thinks that during all these years Beales was at any time a *de facto* husband. For ten long years, during which Mrs. Beales' boys had grown up into young manhood, and a daughter into a pretty, virtuous and talented girl of eighteen, and a younger one into a lad of sixteen, and during which Mrs. Beales had born her lover a child which was meekly indorsed by Mr. Beales as his own, did these relations exist in the Beales family, and it is kind though exceedingly difficult to suppose that no others knew of them except Mr. and Mrs. Beales and the young gentleman. Mr. Byron, usually accredited as an expert in such matters, says that a woman

## FIRST LOVES MAN, THEN MEN.

Anyhow, in the boundlessness of the love of

Mrs. Beales, she latterly blessed yet another lover with a portion of it. The first lover consulted with himself and determined to accord himself an equally pleasant canter over the meadows that spanned even so charming a road. But he selected a bad place to leap the hedge. He made love to the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Beales, and he was not expert at making love, either, but his infamous advances were indignantly repelled. At last he openly told the daughter of the relations then existing, and that had therefore for years existed, between him and her mother. This not only did not have the desired effect, but Gracie even went and told her brothers, and the two young men, their blood afire with wrath with the wrong done their mother and proposed their sister, these two young men went and—ordered the gentleman to leave the house, and he did so. They then invited the mother to leave also, and she left. These things read strangely, but it is said there will be still more startling developments at the trial, especially as to the third person who was gladdened with Mrs. Beales' affection.

## END OF A TROUBLED LIFE.

Tragic Sequel to a Beautiful Girl's Sad Life Story of Blighted Love, Cruel Deception and Moral Ruin.

In a rear room on the top floor of 104 East Fourteenth street, New York, lay on Saturday morning, 21st ult., the body on a beautiful young woman cold in death. The long, luxuriant hair fell in a wealth of folds down her shoulders and neck. In her hand she held, closely clasped to her mouth, the vial from which she had inhaled the fatal vapor of chloroform. She had evidently retired for the night, and the bedclothes were wrapped around her head to exclude the air, so that death might be more expeditious.

Coroner Woltman was notified, and, in company with Deputy Coroner Cushman, investigated the case. Irene McCready, the keeper of the house, which is said to be of ill-repute, explained what she knew concerning the antecedents of the dead. Her assumed name was Dell Coe, she was nineteen years of age, and about two months ago had first come to live at 104 East Fourteenth street. She remained only one week, but returned at irregular but frequent intervals to remain a single day. She used to account for her absence by saying that she was living with a Mrs. Bondy, at 118 West Thirty-first street. She was intemperate in her habits, it is said, and on the evening before she appeared to be intoxicated, and said that she would leave the city for Charleston the next day. Mrs. McCready induced her to go to her room about seven p.m., and in going up-stairs she was accompanied by one of the young women of the house. When they had reached the landing the girl, turning to her companion, said:

"I want you to promise that you won't let any one disturb or call me before twelve o'clock to-night."

This pledge the young woman readily gave; but the poor girl was

## NOT YET SATISFIED.

"Raise your hand," she said, "and swear to me that I will not be disturbed until twelve o'clock," and to gratify her strange anxiety the oath was taken. At breakfast time the unfortunate girl did not appear. A messenger was sent up-stairs to call her; but her room door was bolted and no response was given to repeated knocking.

This alarmed the occupants, and a policeman was called in. Officer Keating, of the Seventeenth precinct, broke in the door, and the foul odor of the apartment left no room to doubt the nature of the deed which had been done. On the bureau lay a soiled and crumpled piece of paper, with the following lines traced in pencil, "Please do not mention my name in the papers."

The unhappy young woman who had thus ended a life of profligacy and shame was born in Wisconsin, where her parents, who are natives of Switzerland, still reside. They are said to be respectable and wealthy. "Dell Coe," one of the many aliases by which their daughter has been known, was in appearance and accomplishments above the average of American girls, speaking three or more languages fluently and being a fair singer and pianist. At thirteen years of age she was ardently admired by a professional man much her senior, who, under a promise of marriage, lured her from her home and initiated her in

## HER FIRST STEPS OF VICE.

She lived a life of gayety and pleasure for a few years until deserted by the man who had ruined her. They were then living in Chicago. Realizing the extent of her disgrace she locked herself in her room last summer and sent a bullet into her left breast; but the ball escaped the heart, and she was before long restored to health. Her attempted suicide at the time excited much comment in the Chicago journals, and the story of her betrayal, desertion and despair created great sympathy for the girl.

In commenting on the case at the time the Chicago newspaper observed: "She is glad now that she did not die. She lives for a pur-

pose. She has sworn a solemn oath that she will kill the wretch who foully murdered her virtue. 'One bullet for his heart and one for mine,' she repeats night after night, as she places a revolver under her pillow."

Shortly after her convalescence a reception was given at a house of a friend. Dell Coe was there, an unexpected guest. There, also, were her betrayer and his new-found love. The poor girl was

## PREPARED FOR THE EMERGENCY.

Revolver in hand she sprang at the scoundrel, but was prevented by the spectators from executing her purpose.

From Chicago she went to Washington and continued in a round of dissipation and crime, carrying ruin and disgrace into homes where she had been hospitably entertained. From Washington she came to New York, and on two occasions, while suffering from effects of her debaucheries, took poison, but in insufficient quantity. These experiences were evidently remembered when she wrapped in the bed clothes on the night of her suicide and lay down to die with the fatal drug pressed to her lips.

Although steeped in crime she apparently loathed the life she was leading. In moving from city to city she always assumed a new name and was known, among other names, as Dell Coe, Della Whitman and Jessie Howard.

Her remains were removed to the Morgue and will be buried in the Potter's Field.

## Robbers' Rural Raids.

READING, Pa., September 21.—For some time past frequent complaints have been made at police headquarters of robberies and depredations being committed in this city and the country districts adjacent and extending into the counties of Lebanon, Lancaster and Chester. It seems that these robberies are becoming an almost nightly occurrence, being for the most part raids on farmers in the rural districts, whose spring houses, barns, etc., suffer, and when it suits the convenience of these midnight marauders they break into houses at will, which no fear of the law seems to prevent. Most of these raids have heretofore been charged to the army of tramps who infest the country, who, no doubt, do have their share in the business, but circumstances seem to point to the fact that there seems to be an organized band of thieves scouring this section of the country at present and whose headquarters are near at hand, where they divide the plunder, and it is charged that in this city there are places of business where the stolen articles are disposed of. There have been several suspicious characters noticed in the city lately, but who will hereafter give the place a wide berth, as the police are on the lookout for them; one man, especially, who was arrested by Officer Jones last week, but who managed to escape. It is said he was an old jail bird, and goes by the name of "Big Guss." Many of the articles taken from him have been identified as being the property of Adam Geist, of Blue Ball, Lancaster county, whose store had been robbed shortly before. The store had been robbed of goods to the amount of about \$200, while the articles recovered amounted to about \$50 or \$60, which would seem to show that a division of the stolen property had been made, and that each party received so much of a share. The record shows that some forty or fifty robberies, some of them being quite extensive, have taken place within a radius of twenty miles of this city, commencing with the stealing of the safe from the residence of Michael Richards, near Topton, which is said to have contained some \$20,000 in notes, bonds, etc., but which was afterwards recovered. This was followed by the robbery of the residences of Henry Keener, Dr. Kalbach, and many others. On Wednesday night last the store of John P. Schaeffer, at Temple, this county, was entered by thieves and robbed. They gained an entrance by prying open the shutter with a jimmy. Mr. Schaeffer was lying sick at the time of lung fever. The goods stolen are supposed to have been brought to Reading and disposed of. No arrests have been made as yet. The farmers of Chester and Lancaster counties make the same complaint of being annoyed by thieves in the past, but in the future they will use means which will effectually abate the nuisance, that is, if they get within gunshot distance of the rascals. Our police authorities are keeping a lookout for suspicious customers, and will show them no mercy if captured.

## A Murderer's Tardy Doom.

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE]

Waco, Texas, September 20.—Between four and five thousand persons assembled to-day to witness the execution of John Spear, who was convicted and sentenced to be hanged twenty days ago, but had been respite for twenty days. He was executed in the jail yard privately at five minutes to four o'clock. The fall only being four feet it failed to break his neck, and he died from strangulation. He is the young man who, three years ago, so foully murdered Parson Fledger in this county, being then but nineteen years old. He died without confessing his terrible crime, although undoubtedly guilty.

## DOMESTIC DEGRADATION.

▲ Voice from Its Depths in the Way of a Reply from Secretary Schurz's Private Secretary to the Damning Accusations of his Wife.

R. W. C. Mitchell, Private Secretary to Secretary Schurz, has ventilated himself in a two-column card in a Washington, D. C., journal to refute the assertion made by his wife, from whom he was recently divorced, that he besought her to prostitute her body to members of Congress for money. He makes rather a strong defense against the allegation, but in doing so drags the history of his married existence before the public in a manner unbecoming the ordinary decency of life. Some weeks ago a letter was published in the *Post*, of that city, and re-published in substance in the *GAZETTE*, written by his wife, wherein she charged that he had demanded that she should sell her body. The letter was written in the most earnest vein of one suffering under a cruel wrong inflicted, and was interwoven with sentences calculated to arouse for the woman the most hearty sympathies. When the letter was called to Schurz's attention he ordered an investigation. The Appointment Clerk of the Department was designated as the officer to investigate the unclean business, and to-day's letter is one written by Mitchell to the investigating officer, which proves that, no matter how guilty the woman may be, she was allied to a man and bore him children, who, in an attempt to crush her

## SADLY REFOULS HIMSELF.

He charges that she was seduced by one Alonzo W. Adams, and likewise had liaisons with Charles Gage, of Chicago, and a man named Von Flop, of New Jersey. Von Flop, according to Mitchell, was no slouch at storming a woman's heart. Mitchell in his letter says of him: "The late Mrs. Mitchell told me this man was 'a dear old friend' of hers in Albany, in 1864; that he was intimate with her sister Clara, and in love with her; that he took her sister to the Soldiers' Barracks held in Albany in 1864, introduced her to Governor Seymour and dined with that gentleman, purchased costly bouquets and other presents, and would have married her could he have gotten a divorce. During his visits he gave my late wife many presents, always under the guise of a philopela. These included dress-s, which I destroyed immediately upon learning his true character. This man assisted Mrs. Mitchell in the receptions by describing her sister Clara and the 'fine times' they had in Albany. His ardor went so far as to propose a visit to her in Canada during the following summer. I became suspicious of him a short time after he made my acquaintance, because of a surreptitious visit my late wife paid him at his office at night, and I wrote to her sister Clara, asking who he was. I was astounded to receive her emphatic denial of all knowledge of him, and in subsequent letters she intimated that there must be something wrong with her sister (my wife). I wrote to her brother Benjamin, who resided at the time Von Flop claimed to have known her in Albany, and his reply showed that Clara left Albany two years before the time mentioned. I walked this man out of my house in the face of my wife's pleading, as bashful and pitiful as she

## NOW PRESENTS HERSELF TO THE PUBLIC.

It was a cruel thing to do, but it made condonement impracticable as a defense on the part of Mrs. Mitchell to my suit. This man seemed to have gained complete control of Mrs. Mitchell, and at his door most of the guilt should be laid. He influenced her even to the extent of making her ignore her motherhood, and at his bidding her children became messengers between the two by carrying notes and keeping the fact from the father." To explain the scars on Mrs. Mitchell's body, which she alleges was caused by blows inflicted by him, Mitchell says: "As to the scars she mentioned, one she received from a hoe when a girl engaged in digging worms for fish-bait. The bruise on her thigh is nothing more nor less than a varicose vein, which she had years before I knew her, and which still remains. The scar on her forehead she received when in a drunken fury she attacked me in the presence of my second child and my sister, I threw a carving-knife at her, followed a tea-pot filled with scalding tea; and when she rushed on me with a fork, in sheer self-defense I pushed her over a chair, and in the fall she struck her head. Under the circumstances I would do it again." To prove that Mrs. Mitchell never wrote the pathetic letter reciting the wrongs alleged to have been heaped upon her by her husband, Mitchell descends to the degradation of quoting from her letters written during their married existence to show their illiteracy, and, as a consequence, her inability to write the letter attributed to her. He says: "In a letter written August 8, 1872, her spelling shows an utter disregard for all rules of orthography, while the composition is simply extraordinary. It is full of jealousy without cause, and in it she hopes I will not have to wait for any one until they get ready to come; says she has made me a birthday present herself, but which afterward I learned she bought while shopping with the dissolute person, Gage." The publication of Mitchell's two-column card is the gossip of the Capital. Secretary Schurz can probably explain how Civil Service Reform is purified by keeping such a man as Mitchell in it in the responsible position of his Private Secretary.

## MONUMENTAL MEANNESS.

A Husband Sells for Dissection the Body of his Wife whom his Cruelty had Driven to Death.

The story opens in an interior county of Illinois, where resides a farmer whose broad acres of fertile prairie and sleek herds place him and his family above the knowledge of want. Five years ago this family circle was adorned by a daughter, fair beyond comparison with her young associates, and rarely accomplished for one whose life had been spent upon a farm. To this family appeared, about the time indicated, a young man of pleasing manners and fashionable attire, claiming to be in good circumstances in Chicago. His account of himself was not entirely satisfactory to the farmer, who noticed with alarm a growing fondness in the glances his daughter cast upon the smooth-spoken stranger.

Parental opposition in this case, as in so many similar instances, only added fuel to the flame of kindled love, and the young couple found means of carrying on clandestine meetings, until one day the rash girl agreed to an elopement. When the arrangements were all complete the daughter wrote a letter to her parents telling them she would not live apart from the man she loved, and had, much as she was pained to give them sorrow, determined to cast her lot with him. The note she left in her chamber, and departed.

WITH THE YOUNG MAN AT NIGHT.  
The father was a man of stubborn mould, and the "bless you my children," on which the young folks had calculated, came not when a paper containing a notice of their marriage was sent to him.

The old man's suspicions had been too well founded. His daughter's husband was of dissolute habits and without means, and his motive for marrying was the expectation that the old man would "give down" liberally to keep his daughter from want. This hope proved futile, as the father refused to hold any communication with his wayward child and her worthless husband. The latter was soon driven to extremities for the money necessary to keep him in liquor and cigars, and it was not long before he



MISS ANNIE HUMMEL, THE MISSING GIRL, SUPPOSED TO BE THE VICTIM OF THE SILVER LAKE ATROCITY, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 6.

to the woes instead of increasing the joys of the mother. A few weeks ago she took a powerful emenagogue. In the intervals of her pain she dictated to a kind neighbor a letter to her mother, stating her wrongs and the act which she had committed, and implored her to take care of the two children soon to be left motherless and already worse than fatherless. Through some oversight this letter was not mailed until after the death of the victim of a too confiding nature. A physician had been called in, who, for charity, did what he could to relieve suffering, but could not save her life.

The husband showed some indications of grief, but consoled himself with drink as best he could. The corpse lay in the house for a day and a night, kindly

## GUARDED BY THE NEIGHBORING WOMEN.

Toward the second night they inquired of the widower what disposition he intended to make of the remains, and were told that evening that an expressman would come for the corpse for burial, as he was unable to pay for a hearse. After nightfall the expressman came and carted away the remains. The next day the father of the dead woman arrived, having heard of her sad fate, and asked where his daughter was buried, that he might have the body removed to the country cemetery near her old home.

His inquiries were answered evasively for a time by the wretched creature whose bad treatment had driven his wife to an act which brought about her death, but being pressed and threatened with arrest if he refused to tell, he acknowledged that he had disposed of the corpse to the physician who attended her in her last illness in consideration of the petty sum of \$5. The father's grief and rage knew no bounds, and it was with difficulty he could be prevented from wreaking vengeance upon the scoundrel before him. Finally he set about recovering the corpse, in which he succeeded and had them conveyed home and decently buried.

In Kansas City, Mo., at an early hour on the morning of the 23rd, J. S. Bucroft, a well-known merchant, heard some one about his house, and got up to see what it was. As he opened his bed-room door he encountered a burglar, whom he at once grappled, and a terrible struggle took



REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, PASTOR OF THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE, —SEE PAGE 7.



MISS MARY M'GLEW, VICTIM OF THE SPENCER HOUSE TRAGEDY, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—SEE PAGE 3.



LOUIS GUETIG, MURDERER OF MARY M'GLEW AT THE SPENCER HOUSE, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—SEE PAGE 3.

more than hinted to his wife that it would be necessary for her to do sewing or what other work could be got to help out with the family expenses. The poor woman did what she could, meekly enduring the ill-usage of her brutal spouse, sewing often the greater part of the night, while he pocketed her earnings and left her to suffer hunger and cold.

Two children were born to them in the apartments they occupied in the northwest part of St. Louis. Each of these but added

place. Bucroft was getting the best of it, when his antagonist drew a knife and cut his assailant five times. One cut was near the shoulder and severed two arteries, and it was thought the poor man would bleed to death before help arrived. His wife tied up the wound, and it is now thought he will survive.

At Newark, N. J., at midnight on the 24th, Chas. R. Rivers shot his father-in-law, Wm. Leach, inflicting probably a fatal wound.



FRED. A. LEACH, COMMITTED SUICIDE AT MUSCATINE, IOWA.—SEE PINCKNEY BELL, LYNCHED NEAR MURFREESBORO, TENN., FOR MURDER.—SEE PAGE 2.



MISS CARRIE MYERS, SHOT BY HER LOVER, FRED. LEACH, AT MUSCATINE, IOWA.—SEE PAGE 2.



**A Drunken Des-  
erado's Deed.**

[Subject of Illustration.]

WARRENSBURG, Mo., September 21.—This usually quiet town was this evening thrown into the wildest excitement by the report that a foul murder had been committed near here. Crowds of excited men were seen on every corner, discussing the sad affair. The particulars, as near as your correspondent could learn them, are as follows: A picnic had been held during the day in a grove six miles northeast of Warrensburg, and during the day Frank Davidson, who committed the murder, became very drunk and disorderly, and tried several times to raise a disturbance. About 6 o'clock p. m. he succeeded, and shot Wm. M. Haggerty, killing him instantly. He was immediately surrounded and told to surrender, but instead of doing so began shooting at the men who undertook his arrest. He fired one shot at a Mr. Shewalter, who returned the fire, neither shot taking effect. Davidson then fired at Mr. Blevins without effect. The men then closed in and overpowered him. Davidson was securely bound, and brought to Warrensburg and lodged in the city calaboose, and a very strong guard placed around it. He

is said to be a very quarrelsome man. Haggerty had been married but a few months, and was considered a very quiet, peaceable man. It is supposed that jealousy was the cause of the deed, as no other reason can be assigned.

**The Wolf Adams Homicide.**

[With Illustration and Portraits.]

The death of Wolf Adams, a wealthy Hebrew of this city, which was discovered to be the result of a beating at the hands of one Ferdinand Bleudge, was briefly mentioned in our preceding issue. The following additional details of the matter have since been elicited, and an illustration of the scene of the homicide with portraits of Bleudge and his wife appears in another place.

Bleudge himself gave at the police station the following statement of his act:

He said his wife had advertised for work as a laundress, and on the morning of the homicide he had gone out to look for work. "While I was gone, so my wife told me, an old man called and asked whether she was the woman who advertised. Receiving an affirmative answer, he came into the room and told my wife that he was a rich man and had plenty of work, and that she was too good-looking a woman to be wearing her life out at the wash-tub. The old man gave her some broad hints, which my wife repelled. He promised to bring some washing during the afternoon. When I came home to dinner my wife told me of this, and we laughed over the old man's folly. About 3 o'clock I was sitting at a table in the lager-beer saloon in the same house in which we live, and was engaged in a game of cards with Michael Maurer, whom I had told of the affair, when Maurer said, 'There goes the old —.' I sprang from the chair, took a club that stood behind the bar, and went to my apartments. I tried to open the door, but found it locked. I heard, however, some noise, as if two persons were wrestling, and looked through the key-hole—the door being secured from the inside by a wooden bolt—and saw an old man, who with one hand had my wife by the right arm. I struck the door with the club, so as to force it open; the club broke and the door flew open. I seized the old man, and tried to punish him after the manner of chastising small boys, but he sprang at me and kicked me in the breast. I then had a tussle with him and struck him. During the tussle he fell over the tub and stove, and hurt himself."

"The old man ran out of the room," Bleudge concluded, "but when he saw the neighbors



HOW AN INDIANAPOLIS MERCHANT WAS ROBBED OF \$10,000 IN A SLEEPING CAR BY THE WIFE OF A NEWLY MADE FRIEND WHO HAD PLACED HER IN HIS CARE.—SEE PAGE 7.



MISS LAURA HUNT MURDERED BY FRED. W. SPROUT, A WOULD-BE LOVER, IN THE BOOTH MILLS, LOWELL, MASS.—SEE PAGE 4.

look from the windows he came back, and I and my wife washed his head and fixed him up the best we knew how. While we were washing the man a police officer, who had been told that there was a fight in my room, came in. The old man, who could speak English but very indifferently told me to reply to the officer's questions that he had fallen down the stairs. I never intended to hurt the man."

Mrs. Bleudge corroborated her husband's story in every particular and added that Adam had offered her money and had dragged her toward the bed-room door. She had struggled, but he had succeeded in forcing her almost through the door-way when her husband arrived.

The inquest in the case was held on Saturday, 21st, when the jury, after a brief absence, gave a verdict that the deceased came to his death from compression of the brain from fracture of the skull at the hands of Ferdinand Bleudge. On this verdict the prisoner was committed to the Tombs to await the action of the Grand Jury.

**Skilful Job by  
Robbers.**

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept. 21.—A well-planned and successfully-carried-out robbery took place here sometime between 3 and 4 o'clock on Friday afternoon, by which the Carrigan Brothers are heavy losers. The affair, which took place under the following circumstances, was kept quiet until to-day: About 3 o'clock on Friday afternoon a well-dressed, plausible kind of a man, with a stylish covered wagon, stopped in front of the Jackson County Horse Railroad Company and called the cashier, Mr. John Burke, out to the sidewalk to make some complaint against a car-driver of the company on the stock yard line. After considerable talk he left, but called again about 4 o'clock and called Mr. Burke out again. The rear of the office has a door opening into an adjoining saloon. The stranger detained Mr. Burke the second time for five minutes. Mr. Burke on going out left the safe of the company, where he was engaged in putting his money up after having counted it. When he returned, or directly afterwards, he discovered that the safe had been robbed of a cigar-box containing about \$1,000 in money, and a locked box containing \$10,000 in 6 per cent currency Lafayette County bonds maturing January 1, 1879, belonging to Mr. Bernard Carrigan, with the coupons attached since January, 1874, the interest amounting by January 1, 1879, to \$5,000; a St. Clair County bond of \$1,000, and \$5,150 of the coupons of bonds of Cass, Henry and St. Clair, making in cash, bonds and coupons, \$22,150. The box containing the bonds and coupons also contained other valuable papers and receipts, among them a life insurance policy of Mr. Thomas Carrigan for \$25,000. The box was taken to near the stables of the Express Company, corner of Sixth and Washington streets, broken open, the bonds and coupons taken out, the insurance policy and other papers left, and the box thrown under an express wagon. The bonds and coupons are worthless to the robbers, as the owners have the numbers, and have reported their loss to the proper officers.

**Compulsory Barberism.**

[Subject of Illustration.]

William Moser, a young barber, with his kit of razors, looking for employment, was beset by a gang of tramps near Paterson, Paterson, on Friday night, 20th ult. They compelled him to cut their hair and shave them, and then knocked him down and stole all his razors, and took his pantaloons and coat, replacing them with the dilapidated garments of one of their number. Three of the tramps were caught on the following day and locked up in the Paterson jail. They gave their names as John Gurney, Wm. Allen, and George W. Wilson.

## A HOUSE OF HORROR.

History of one of the Most Notable Landmarks Among the Lower Strata of New York Life.

## LEGENDS OF THE SLUMS.

A Den that Bears the Record of Half a Century of Devotion to the Darkest Crimes and the Stains of

## SEVEN MYSTERIOUS MURDERS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Persons who have read Bulwer's "Strange Story," and "House and the Brain," or Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher," can bear witness to the atmosphere of intangible horror and weird phantasmagoria with which the human imagination can surround and enwrap a building. Every locality boasts of its haunted house. New York has perhaps a dozen or more of these institutions. Of this number the most widely known is to be found in Baxter street, not far from Mott street. It is a low, rambling, rickety building, once painted white, but now reduced to a dirty yellow by the pelting storms of fifty winters. Half a century ago it was called "The Three-Mile House," but for many years, as at present, it has been used as an Italian hotel. From the first this place has not born an enviable reputation, and the history developed of late has rather augmented than otherwise features that are abhorrent and facts repulsive. Hideous vice and revolting crime have there ever found a shelter. Burglars, pick-pockets, prostitutes, gamblers, panel-thieves, garroters, and murderers have made it home and rendezvous.

From first to last some ten murders have been committed in

### THIS VILE DEN.

That is to say, that number came to public notice; to the commission of how many more, heaven alone can witness. In the majority of these cases the astuteness of our most skilled detectives has been baffled, and to-day even seven out of the ten homicides remain impenetrable mysteries. In this instance, could the features of truth be unveiled, here would stand revealed a story more startling than any ever created in fiction's realm.

Eye-witnesses have recounted to breathless and terrified listeners graphic descriptions of the unearthly sights and sounds that have been experienced nightly by those who have had sufficient courage to occupy certain portions of the premises in question. It is said that footfalls are heard behind you, but upon turning to confront the intruder, your vision meets with nothing but empty and indefinite shadows. Feet patter before your advancing steps, accompanying which there is no visible form. It is affirmed that white forms fit hither and thither, with burning eyes and streaming hair. A muttered curse is heard, then a dull thud, succeeded by a heavy fall. Groans, sighs, sobs, shrieks, wails. Before you suddenly appears a prostrate form, blood pour from a gash in its side, while from the crushed head protrudes the reeking brain, while ever and anon is heard a piteous moan. A sound as if of rushing feet and mortal struggling alternates.

### THE TERRIBLE PHENOMENA.

Some thirty years ago the premises were owned by a villainous-looking Frenchman, and then, as now, frequented by the most degraded criminals. Rum was sold in the basement. In the upper rooms was a gambling saloon. At a late hour, one wild, dark night in January, the inmates were startled by a rap at the side door. The proprietor approached nervously, removed the ponderous bars, shot back its massive bolts, opened cautiously the door, and peered forth "into the outer darkness." Before him stood two figures, partially revealed by the flood of light that poured through the half-open door. It was a man and woman demanding shelter for the night. The Frenchman had a few spare rooms, and occasionally responded to these requests for a night's lodging. In this instance, however, something caused him to hesitate for a moment. This was noticed by the stranger, whose form was wrapped in the ample folds of a long cloak, while his features were concealed by the slouching brim of a black felt hat. He appealed to his host's cupidity by slipping into his willing hand a large gold piece. Monsieur's love of lucre conquered discretion, and his nocturnal visitors were proffered such hospitalities as the place offered. They entered the dingy tap-room and passed quickly through the uninviting crowd there congregated, ascending the crazy staircase at the other end. Under the Frenchman's guidance they reached a small, dingy room at the rear of the building, into which he ushered them. It was remarked that the woman was closely veiled, and both seemed anxious to avoid observation. Many were the surmises, suggestions and guesses indulged in by

### THE MOTLEY CROWD.

Something over an hour perhaps had elapsed,

when the man again appeared at the bar, saying he was going out, but would shortly return. He then left the room, as carefully disguised as when he entered. Hours slipped away, but he was not seen again. As the night waned into the day the inmates of the den began to suspect that all was not right. A number of them, led by the host, ascended the stairs and stopped before the little room. The door was locked and the key was gone. Entrance was requested, then demanded. No response was received. They forced it open and entered.

The sight that met their eager gaze shocked even their scared hearts. Upon the filthy bed was the half-nude form of a lovely female. The bed-clothing was drenched with blood, and great pools stood upon the floor. Three ugly wounds in the region of the heart told the story, and in one of them was still buried the cruel blade which had done the deed. The form was faultless in contour, and the face of that pure Grecian type so rarely seen. The skin was of dazzling whiteness, and the hair was as black as the raven's wing. Her undergarments were of the finest quality and finish, while above her neck was suspended a golden chain and a chaste cross. The other wearing apparel was of coarse texture, and had been doubtless protracted.

### FOR THE PURPOSES OF DISGUISE.

The authorities were immediately notified, and the body conveyed to the morgue to await identification. Strange to say, it was never reclaimed. The Frenchman and his coadjutors were arrested, but all efforts to apprehend the murderer proved fruitless, and to the present day the whole affair is a mystery.

Some years subsequent to the transaction above related, this same house was a noted brothel. The so-called drawing-room was for the accommodation of the male occupants. One evening it was visited by two men bearing numerous evidences of disguise, such as wigs, false whiskers and eccentric dress. They called for liquor and cards, disposing themselves apparently to "make a night of it." The women were requested to join them, and for a time all went "merry as a marriage bell." As things progressed it was soon manifest that the men were casual acquaintances and not long time friends. One was in a beastly state of intoxication. His quandam friend asked that a room might be prepared for him where he could sleep off the effects of his unwanted potations. This request was granted, and the drunken man was conveyed to a room on the second story, and there left in the charge of

### HIS SOLICITOUS FRIEND.

An hour or two afterwards the latter came down stairs and reported that his Southern friend was ill and needed medical attendance. Saying that he was going after a physician and would return with him, he put on his hat and overcoat and passed out. He did not return. Some hours elapsed. The room was visited and found locked. They knocked repeatedly, but could get no reply. Becoming alarmed, an officer was summoned, who broke open the door and found the unfortunate man with his throat cut from ear to ear, and all his valuables gone. The false whiskers were not there, and their absence revealed a youthful face, the lineaments of which indicated not a little intellectual character. The unsightly disguise had disappeared, and the crimson fever of intoxication had given place to the pallor of death. He had fallen a victim to avarice and murder.

The authorities after much difficulty discovered that the murdered man was a son of a Louisiana planter of great wealth, who had represented that Commonwealth in the United States Senate for many years. The young man had been lately graduated from Harvard University with distinguished honors, and expected to continue his studies in Germany and France. The murderer was never found, not even a

### CLUE TO HIS IDENTITY OR WHEREABOUTS.

The premises were afterwards taken by one Vonelli, an Italian, who used them as a lodging-house for the more questionable and impecunious of his countrymen. That is its ostensible character to-day. Two men entered this place one night, their features hidden by masks. They wanted of Vonelli the largest sleeping apartment at his disposal. The Italian objected, without at first obtaining a glimpse at their faces. This they positively declined to do. A liberal sum of money finally accomplished their purpose, and the desired room was assigned them. They entered. There was a profound silence for a time; at last the other lodgers were startled by several pistol reports in the room. Immediately thereafter one of the men still masked, came forth, a revolver in his hand. He looked the room door behind him, and putting the key into his pocket, walked deliberately out into the street, and disappeared. The alarm was given, and the police found his companion lying upon the floor sweltering in his blood, with three bullet holes in his head. The revolver had been placed close to his face and repeatedly discharged. No trace could be found of the one who committed the murder, nor was the body of the deceased ever claimed. The house with which these

### BLOOD-CURDLING TRADITIONS

are connected, as published by the *Evening Express*.

press, is located at 21 Baxter street, and has been accurately sketched by our artist with other noted points in the same vicinity, as presented in the illustration on another page. No. 18 stands in the rear, the house formerly standing in front having been torn down. It is a frame building, dingy, half rotten and is filled with the utmost scum of the metropolis. Here resides the notorious "Jerry" Lane, a character well and by no means favorably known to the police. "Jerry" has spent a large portion of his life in that "fine institution on the Isle of Blackwell," as the street song of the day has it. He has escaped thence several times by swimming the river, always to return to his old quarters on Baxter street. He is in fact at present spending the fall season on the island for a bit of Sunday amusement in the way of a murderous assault on the 22nd ult. The house is also notorious as the resort of the lowest class of prostitutes, who entice to their den the victims captured by them in the prosecution of their infamous traffic. In short the spot is one of the worst moral and physical plague spots remaining in the city, recalling in many respects the old Five Points in its palmiest days of demoniacism lowest level degradation.

### HUMAN HARPIES.

An Almost Increditable Story of an Infamous Cincinnati Den, how the Ranks of its Wretched Inmates are Recruited and how they are Kept in Abject Terror and the Worst of Slavery by the Horrible Hag who Presides Over it.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, September 23.—Among the many low, disreputable dives with which this city is infested, says the *Enquirer*, there are none that enjoy a more unsavory reputation than that kept by a blonde female of uncertain years known as Hester Clark, alias Hattie Black, at 227 West Sixth street. The building in which her unholy traffic is carried on is a big, roomy rookery, into which the pure air nor the sunlight ever penetrates. The poor outcasts who make this place their home, and where they sell their frail bodies for such sums as they can extort from the beery-eyed bummers who visit the place, are of the lowest and most degraded class. It was into this sink-hole of iniquity that a young man named George Curry some weeks since staggered at three o'clock one morning, and has never been seen since. What fate befell him is a mystery. It was murdered for the money which he was known to have had in his possession when he entered the den, the secret is locked securely in the bosom of whoever dealt the blow, as the investigation made by the police as to his disappearance about two weeks ago failed to lead to satisfactory results. This woman harbors miscreants of both sexes none too good to take life for a nickel, and suspicion still points to her house as the place where he met his untimely end, if

### UNTIMELY END HE HAS MET.

The stock of miserable humanity that has kept Hester Clark in material by which her money is made has run down somewhat recently in numbers, as she is a perfect tigress, cruel as the grave and vindictive as a jackal, and the girls find it impossible to endure the beatings that she inflicts upon the slightest pretext, and, as is natural, they fly the place whenever opportunity offers. Just the other day one of her unfortunate victims, who is well advanced toward maternity, excited the ire of this demon, who beat and kicked her most inhumanly.

As Hester's ranks began to show signs of depletion, she determined to recruit them by a foray into fresh fields and pastures new. For this purpose she started a vile procress, named Lottie Wilson, to Louisville, the other day, with instructions to bring back as many young girls who fancied such a life as she could conveniently get. Lottie went to Louisville and began her search. One morning, while passing along the street, she noticed a young woman sitting on the steps, near whom a little child was playing. By some subtle and mysterious instinct, she made up her mind to boldly make a trial at enlisting this woman.

### UNDER HER BANNER.

The girl was not virtuous, as the procress rightly supposed, although she was at service in a respectable boarding house where two other domestics of the same moral status were employed. Lottie's talk with the woman had the desired effect, and in due time the other two servants were approached, and, all three being dazzled by the story that in the house of their new-found friend (?) the girls average \$5 a day, and are dressed in silks and wear gold watches and chains, the poor tools deliberately determined to accept the tempting offer. Their names are Mollie Thompson, aged twenty-one; Rose Lynch, aged nineteen, and Annie Fisher, aged seventeen. The latter is claimed to be a niece of a prominent official of Louisville. Soon the necessary preparations for a trip to this city were made, and the girls, with hastily packed satchels, (the first-named wearing a common sun-bonnet) accompanied Lottie to the mail-boat and came to Cincinnati, arriving about eight o'clock last Friday morning. Lottie paid the fare of the party—\$3.50 each.

At length the new arrivals were domiciled in Hester Clark's dive, where they soon learned that Lottie was but the tool of a more unscrupulous dragon. With many misgivings as to the handsome silk dresses and stunning jewelry, born of sights and sounds experienced in the dismal and wretchedly dirty den, the victims endeavored to await in patience "the good time coming." It never came. The degraded brutes of the sterner sex who chanced in to see the new importations were surprised to see such "green" looking and respectable appearing girls in such a place, and asked in surprise, "Why don't you go to a decent (?) place if you intend to live this life? Why," said they, "this place is

### THE LOWEST RANCH IN TOWN.

It'll be pulled in less than a week, and you'll all go to the work-house." This kind of talk completely dispelled the illusion, and the new arrivals began to grow uneasy. They tried to get away from the place, but the lynx-eyed Hester and her vicious right bower, Lottie, kept a strict watch upon their movements. Saturday night last a young man went in the place and recognized Annie Fisher, whom he had known in Louisville, where she had the reputation of a decent girl. This man counseled her to leave at once. She tried to do so, but was met by the landlady, who pulled a pistol and threatened to shoot both her and her adviser if the girl attempted to go. This struck terror to the hearts of the Louisvillians, who now realized fully the situation. The young man, however, notified the police on that beat what was going on, and in a few hours the three strangers were taken from the den and given quarters in the Central Station.

Yesterday Chief Ziegler sent for Hester Clark to come to his office. She came. After reading the Riot Act to her, as it were, upon her despicable conduct, the Chief asked:

"What did you pay to bring these girls here?"

"Three dollars and a half apiece."

"Well, then, hand out \$10.50 more to send them home, or else go down-stairs and be locked up."

The baffled tigress laid down the sum indicated, and in a few minutes was on her way to her lair.

The mail-boat left the wharf yesterday for Louisville, containing among her passengers Misses Thompson, Fisher and Lynch, who by this time have had enough of "gilded sin" in Cincinnati.

Sergeant Joe Gault, of the Central Station, who searched Hester's house when George Curry was first missed, says that there is one room in the place that is almost completely filled with a miscellaneous collection of women's wear, which Hester had taken from girls who had been inmates of her house, but who, rather than stay and endure its horrors, preferred to go forth bare-headed and in scant clothing.

### A Notorious Woman's Death.

Mrs. Josephine E. Woods, who for upward of twenty years has kept houses of ill-fame in this city, died suddenly on Sunday morning, 22d ult., in the house of Sallie Moultrie, in West Thirty-first street. Mrs. Woods was between forty-five and fifty years of age. She was born in New Orleans, and came to this city while yet in her teens. In 1849 she went to California, and while there was married to Judge Woods, of Sonoma county, by whom she had two children, who are living. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Woods returned to this city, when she opened a bagnio in Mercer street, which became the resort of the fashionable young men about town. She afterward removed to 135 East Eighth street. On leaving Eighth street, Mrs. Woods became the proprietress of a house in West Thirty-first street. She had been wealthy, but of late years had met with serious pecuniary reverses, and became comparatively poor, though she never was in want. For nearly two years past she has been in a failing health and a year ago was compelled to relinquish housekeeping. She hired a suite of apartments in a quiet neighborhood in the upper part of the city, and lived a very retired life, hoping thereby to re-establish her shattered health. She was suffering from great nervous prostration, and was subject to attacks of vertigo, for which she had been attended by Dr. Quackenbos, and had also consulted Professors Alonzo Park and Willard Parker. For two weeks past Mrs. Woods had been on a visit at Mrs. Moultrie's house. On Saturday night, 21st, she retired to bed apparently in her usual health, and at eight o'clock the following morning, when the chambermaid entered Mrs. Woods' bed-room, she found her lying dead on the floor. She had evidently risen from her bed, and while walking across the floor had been stricken down. Death is supposed to have been caused by an attack of vertigo, or disease of the heart.

Rev. Frederick Robinson, pastor of a church at Mount Palatine, Ill., was arrested on the 24th, on a charge of bastardy, preferred at the instance of Clara Allen, fifteen years of age. He gave bail in the sum of \$200 for his appearance on Tuesday, October 1. The affair created great excitement at Mount Palatine and vicinity.

## VICE'S VARIETIES.

## An Assorted List of Evil Deeds and Evil Doers Collected by Gazette Correspondents in all Quarters.

AT Frio, Texas, on the 23rd, William Reynolds got into a quarrel with John Barnes, and the latter was shot and killed.

AT Eagle Pass, Texas, on the 23rd, a Mexican fisherman threw a hook in the river, and pulled out the headless body of a murdered man instead of a fish.

AT Calvert, Texas, on the 23rd, William Hall attempted to assassinate Dr. J. U. Mead. The desperado found Mead sitting on the gallery in front of his store, and drawing a knife stabbed him, but not fatally.

AT Lexington, Ky., an attempt at jail escape was made on the night of the 21st. Three prisoners, Talbot, Ross and Humboldt, were caught filing the iron bars of their cell grating. The jailer fired two shots and scared the birds.

DOLPH HOFFMAN, the much married man of this city, plead guilty to two charges of bigamy, and was sent to state prison for eight years. He is said to have married nine women, mostly widows with some money, eight of whom are known.

JAMES KENEWALL, of McAllisterville, Perry county, Pa., went out hunting recently and was found dead four days after, on Shade Mountain, with the top of his head blown off and a broken gun near him. It is supposed that he was murdered by tramps.

E. S. JAFFRAY & Co., one of the largest dry goods houses in this city, has been extensively robbed through conspiracy of its employees. Of one class of articles alone there have been 8,000 pieces stolen. The police are now arresting thieves, receivers and go-betweens.

DEPUTY Sheriff William Fox was killed between Fort Fetterman and Brown Springs Ranch, on the 22d, by a man named John Vasser, supposed to have been in self-defense. The particulars are not yet known. Vasser is at Fort Fetterman ready to give himself up.

DAVID VICTOR, indicted in Stoddard county, Mo., for the murder of Lindsay in April, 1869, was arrested in Fort Smith, Ark., on Saturday, 21st, and on the night of the 22d escaped from his guards. A requisition from Governor Phelps arrived after the bird had flown.

HENRY JENKINS was brutally murdered near Sandy Hook, Ky., on the 19th inst. Jim Cony approached him from behind, knocked him down and literally crushed his skull with a large stone. Cony has been arrested and lodged in the Elliott county jail.

ON the 23d, John N. Larimer & Son, real estate and loan agents, of Bloomington, Ill., were indicted for the crime of embezzling a large sum of money left in their hands by Exeter capitalists for investments. They gave bail for their appearance in court in the sum of \$5,000.

IN Boston, Mass., on the 21st, an effort was made to postpone the trial of Royal B. Conant, defaulter of the Elliott Bank. The request was refused and the case will soon come up. Conant's father has died of a broken heart, as his physician believes, at his son's disgrace.

ON the 17th, Jerry Little, a notorious desperado who has been engaged in many deeds of violence in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky, cut and instantly killed a young man named Cockrell in Jackson, Breathitt county, Ky. Little, on a former occasion, killed a brother of Cockrell.

AT Findlay, O., on the 23rd, a rough known as Baltimore Bill, was arrested for cutting Sarah Corbin with intent to murder. He was committed to jail to await trial, escaped the officers, and he was shot in the back by one of them, and recaptured. His wound is thought to be fatal.

AT Independence, Mo., the case of John Lewis and Jane Otto, alias Lewis, indicted for the murder of Williams, of Brush Creek, near Kansas City, last January, came up in the Criminal Court on the 21st and was continued until February next. The prisoners were admitted to bail in the sum of \$10,500.

ON the 21st Deputy Sheriff Delaney arrested at Verden, Ill., Charles Tinkard, who attempted on the day previous to murder Samuel L. Rutherford, aged sixty-five years, with an ax. He is not expected to recover. Tinkard was examined by a jury and pronounced to be insane, and will be sent to the asylum.

AT Philadelphia, Pa., on the night of the 24th, Officers Stevens of the Third district, captured a colored woman named Mrs. Mateir, but whose real name is Mary E. Holl, who in 1873, in Wilmington, Del., murdered her child and was sentenced to imprisonment for life. She served four years, but last year she managed to slip away from New Castle jail. She will be sent back.

IN the Circuit Court at McLanesboro, Ill., on the 23d, a jury was sworn in the case of The People vs. Philip Tramel for murder. Some thirteen years since Captain Eliot Hopkins was killed by Tramel, and Captain Hopkins' sons are here and have able attorneys to prosecute. Tramel has warm friends and an able attorney.

BARNES and Michaels, having been refused bail by Judge Riddell, of Frenchburg, Ky., were taken back to the Lexington, Ky., jail on the 23d, under a strong guard. Similar action was taken in the case of H. Helton for the killing of Ed. Cox. Helton is in jail at Mount Sterling. These trials will not take place until next March.

ON the 24th, the mail from New Fort McKinney, Clear Creek, D. T., carried by ambulane, was robbed by two men, about eight miles south of Clear Creek. A. Snider, of San Francisco, and E. Tillotson, of Fort Fetterman, passengers, together lost about \$300 in money and clothing. The mail matter was not molested. No shots were fired.

AT Cincinnati, O., in deciding upon the case of Charles Van Vieck, an alleged fugitive from justice, for whom the Governor of Pennsylvania issued a requisition, Judge Longworth decided that he had no right to inquire into the guilt or innocence of the accused, but only to determine the legality of the process, and whether he is in truth the party described.

NEAR Jerseyville, Ill., on the 20th, John McLaughlin, while plowing, was fired upon by an unseen assassin; he staggered, but did not fall, when a second shot was fired, and the unfortunate man fell dead in his tracks, pierced by thirty-eight buckshot. Jack Fields, with whom he had quarreled a short time previous, has been arrested. The circumstantial evidence is strong against Fields.

ON the 23d Samuel Holmes was captured in Loui-ville, Ky., and taken to Somerset under guard of eighteen heavily armed men, to be tried for the murder of Sheriff Napier, of Lincoln county, Ky., some ten years ago. Much interest is felt in the case, as both men were very popular in Stanford, where the murder was committed, and the heavy guard is to prevent a looked-for attempt at rescue.

NEAR Rusk, Texas, on the 23rd, Horace Mosely procured a gun to kill Jasper Pryor. He found Pryor sitting in the door of a gin-house and fired, only one shot, struck Pryor, who fell badly but not mortally wounded. Mosely then got over a fence, and, putting the gun to his head, blew his own brains out. Mosely's last words were, "I give life for life. Mine goes free as water." The top of his head was torn off and the brains scattered around.

ON the night of the 23d a most dastardly murder occurred at Cypress, twenty-five miles west of Houston, Texas. Hugh Miller, a young man collecting rent for his father, went to a tenant named Louis Viger. In the settlement a dispute arose, when Miller drew a six-shooter and beat Viger over the head, fatally. He has since died. The villain also assaulted and beat Mrs. Viger, who came to her husband's rescue. The murderer was arrested by a posse, but escaped while the guards were at supper.

IN Bridgeport, Conn., on the 23rd, Michael McNamara was found guilty of murder in the second degree by a jury, and sentenced to state prison for life. Michael was working in the field with his cousin, Martin, when they quarreled; and Michael struck Martin on the head with a dung-fork, the tines passing through his skull. In court the skull was exhibited, and the tines of the fork fitted to the holes in it. The accused claimed self-defense. "Don't cry, old woman; it's all right," said the convict to his weeping wife as the sheriff took him from the court room.

A PARTY of men in disguise, recently went to the home of D. G. Kerr, near Vienna, Clarke county, Ky., and took therefrom a young man named Rankin, who was working for Kerr, whipped him in a fearful manner, abused Kerr's wife and acted in an otherwise disgraceful way. Five of the parties are known and doubtless will have due punishment meted out to them, as the prosecuting attorney is already after them. The cause alleged for whipping the youth, was that he had threatened to bring suit for wages due him from one of the parties engaged in the affair.

ON the evening of the 23d as the guards at the State Penitentiary at Jeffersonville, Ind., were bringing a squad of prisoners from the back-yard, six of them made a bold dash to escape. They were pursued by the guards, and four of them surrendered after a number of shots were fired. The other two, named Thomas Marsh and Edwin Belnap, continued to run, and succeeded in getting half a mile away before the rapid firing of the guards disabled them. Marsh was shot in the right knee, and his leg will have to be amputated. Belnap was mortally wounded, the ball passing through the back and lower abdomen.

ON the night of the 22d a foul murder occurred about three miles from Montreal, near the village of St. Henri, on the road to Lachine. The victim is William Gillespie, a file-maker, of Cote, St. Paul. He went into a saloon kept by George Rollands, with Charlebois, a hotel keeper, at Lachine, and a laborer named O'Rourke. They all left together, and a short time afterward the lifeless body of Gillespie was found a short distance in the rear of the saloon with a deep wound, sufficient to cause death, on his forehead. O'Rourke has been arrested, but Charlebois is still at large. The object of the murder is not yet ascertained.

A SPECIAL from Dallas, Texas, says that while Rev. McEntyre was preaching at Mount Baird church, five miles north of Dallas, on the 22d Gen. Chezowit appeared before the pulpit and cursed that gentleman outrageously, drew a knife and successfully resisted an excited crowd, and drove McEntyre from the church. Later, while McEntyre was preparing to retire to bed, three shots were fired at him through his bed-room window, none taking effect. There were four men in the firing party. The disgraceful proceedings grew out of McEntyre's refusal to permit Rev. Mr. Byles, of the same denomination, to preach in that church.

IN Indianapolis, Ind., on the evening of the 21st, while Miss Ada Davenport was passing an alley near her residence, a negro jumped out and dealt her a terrible blow in the face, which knocked her prostrate in the street gutter. He then attempted to bear her into the alley, evidently for a purpose most vile, but the lady recovered consciousness in time to scream for aid. The wretch did not release his hold until his pursuers were close at hand, and then he disappeared down the alley and distanced pursuit. This is one of the most traveled streets in the city, and there were pedestrians close at hand when the lady was assaulted, showing the outrage to have been unusually daring.

A DESPERADO named Eli Teel was arrested in Barton county, Ky., on the 22d, by a detective from Carthage, Mo., and taken to the latter place and put in jail. Teel is charged with killing a man at a dance one night in Van Zandt county, Texas, some two years ago. A large reward has been offered for him, but he has kept out of the reach of the officers until now. Pike traced him up to the Osage River, where he had recently got into a fight and whipped an officer and a posse of men who undertook to arrest him. Pike followed him back to Barton county, and surprised him about daylight on the 22d. He is a noted character and a very bad one. He was taken back to Texas a few days later.

IN Cleveland, Ohio, on the 23rd, the case against Dr. Carlisle was called in the police court, and quite a sensation was created when Joiner, one of the three robbers who have been doing so much in that vicinity, was put upon the stand as a witness for the prosecution. He gave a circumstantial account of the trip to Willoughby after the body of Mr. French, and told about the opening of the grave, the dumping of a bloody bag into the buggy, the hurried drive to the college, the mysterious opening of a side door by unseen hands and the hurrying of the cadaver into the dissecting-room. The defense used all possible efforts to scare him from the track, but he stuck to it and told the story to the end.

THE last day of the coroner's examination in the case of the shooting of Ed. Malloy, by "The" Allen, the noted gambler and politician, in this city, on Friday, 2d inst., attracted an immense throng of politicians, gamblers, detectives and various idlers of all sorts. After an able charge by Coroner Woltman, the jury retired, and after fifteen minutes returned a verdict that "Edward Malloy came to his death by a pistol-shot wound in the head, said pistol being accidentally discharged in the hands of Theodore Allen, on September 17, 1878." The verdict was greeted with loud applause, which was quickly checked. Allen was then admitted to bail in \$1,000, to await the action of the grandjury. Harry Hill became his bondsman.

ON Sunday morning, 22d inst., the body of an unknown man was found floating in the creek about a mile north of Grundy Centre, Iowa. On taking the body from the water it was discovered that there were several wounds about the head and neck. At noon the coroner took his jury out to the spot where the body was found to view it. Drs. Heffelfinger, Brown, Crouse and Burrow were also accompanied him. They made a very full post-mortem examination and unanimously agreed that the man

was murdered before he was put into the water, and had been in the water about ten days. There were a number of large rashes about the head and neck showing conclusively foul play. A great deal of excitement prevails and two men, George Clevering and Charles Halequest, were arrested on suspicion.

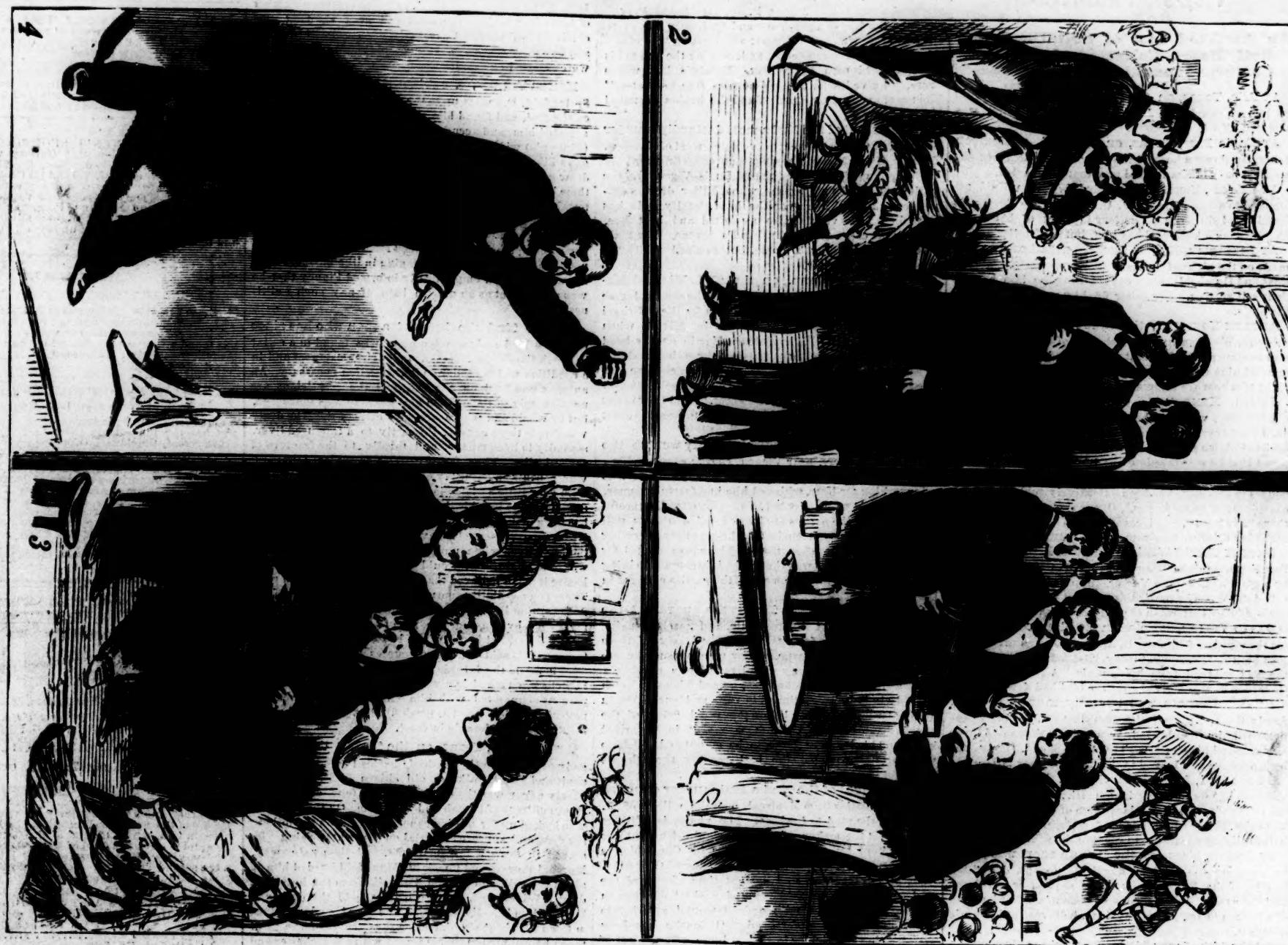
HOMER FINNEY, a cabinet-maker employed at Springfield, O., went up to the house of George Eaton, on the 23d, and found him painting a wagon, roughly accosted him, and accused him of wrong-doing with his (Finney's) wife. Eaton himself is a married man. He gave Finney some sharp back talk, whereupon Finney drew a revolver and fired four shots at Eaton, none of them hitting him, but some of them coming very uncomfortably near to him. Eaton had Finney arrested for shooting at him with intent to kill. Finney waived examination, and was bound over to common pleas. Finney also approached an esteemed citizen named St. Ridenour, and berated him for engaging in like business with his wife. But St. Ridenour informed Finney that he was as innocent as an unborn babe of any such guiltiness.

ON the 22d the body of a man who has since been identified as James Jennings was found in a cellar in North Cambridge, Mass., under circumstances and in a condition which render an investigation necessary. An autopsy was held on the 23d, and the physicians are unanimously of the opinion that the man was murdered, but by whom and where are mysteries yet. The death was due to three causes: Primarily to a fractured liver, secondly to hemorrhage, and thirdly to the fracture of several ribs. Thus far investigation as to Jennings' whereabouts on Saturday night, 21st, have been attended with very little satisfaction. The man is represented as accustomed to buy his liquor and take it home to drink, having a disinclination to join other men in their revels. He is also represented to have been of a peaceable disposition, and even when under the influence of liquor he would not fight, but would go away when attacked. Hence it is not believed that he became engaged in a row. There is a possibility, notwithstanding the opinion of the doctors, that the death was caused by accident. The family left by Jennings consists of a wife and a nineteen-year-old son, neither of whom has a very enviable reputation. It is said that the son states that he was absent from home on the Saturday evening in question till nearly 11 o'clock, engaged in a vain search after his father, but persons acquainted with him express wonder that he never before developed so much filial affection. The case is exciting considerable interest.

AT Wortham, Texas, on the 23d, a double tragedy occurred, in the death of Charles Powers, city marshal, and Frank Polk, an old citizen of Pisgah. This bloody affray was the result of an old feud existing between citizens of Pisgah and Wortham. On the 21st Polk was locked up for misdemeanor, released on the following day, and appeared for trial on the next morning. He stayed in town a few moments, and then rode away. Marshal Powers and Constable Wingfield headed him off about two miles out, when Polk fled from the horse and drew a Winchester, but the officers held the drop and brought him in. He was tried and fined, and remained in a town till about six o'clock on the evening of the 23d, when he mounted his horse armed with a Winchester and a heavy revolver, and rode forward and back past the store of Mayor W. M. Zely, evidently trying to get sight of the mayor, he being the man Polk wanted. Riding just above Zely's store Polk dismounted and drew his Winchester. Marshal Powers marched toward him with a drawn revolver, commanding him to put the gun up, but to no purpose. The mayor then stepped into the street with a Winchester, holding the drop on Polk, who retreated, walking backward followed closely by Powers and Zely. Unexpectedly Polk fired upon Powers, who returned the fire while falling. At the same time Zely shot Polk three times before Polk fell, firing seven shots in all at him. Polk also received two shots from the assistant marshal while firing at Powers and Zely. Both are dead. Zely escaped uninjured, although several shots were fired at him.

AT Cleveland, O., on the 23d, Mollie Dubuque, a cyprian, about thirty-five years old, died suddenly in a house of prostitution. She had been very dissipated all the time, but when she retired at a late hour the previous night she was apparently in her usual health. The following morning she was taken ill with purging and vomiting, and at her request one of the girls went out and got her a sedative powder, which she took. Toward noon she grew worse and a prescription was secured, and at two o'clock the first powder was taken, but she got no better, and shortly before four o'clock she called to one of the girls and said she was dying, and in a few minutes expired. It is not yet known whether the powder had anything to do with producing the result, but it is proper to state that one of the women in attendance upon her charged that the druggist who filled the prescription came near killing her once in filling an order for morphine powder, but one of which, when she put it in water, turned green, and on her husband returning the balance to the druggist for inspection, they were kept by the druggist in a manner to raise her suspicion that a terrible mistake had been made. The chief interest in the case lies in the fact that the dead woman was the principal witness against a shyster lawyer who is soon to be tried for bank robbery. Some years ago the woman's husband, Joe Dubuque, and another robber, robbed a man in broad daylight in a bank in Cleveland, and the job is generally believed to have been put up by the lawyer. 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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, OF THE "PROBLEM TABERNACLE," HAVING A TOUR OF THE DISREPUTABLE SONS OF NEW YORK.—AT THE "CHIMNEY"—EXTENDING THE HOMESPUNES OF THE ESTABLISHMENT.—SAT THE "BROOKINGHAM," ON A GALA NIGHT, WITNESSING THE "SHADOW MANOR,"—ON GOAL BARGE OF WEST THIRTY-NINTH STREET—CAPTAIN WILLIAMS, MODEL TWENTY-FOURTH PARADE.—OUTCOME OF THE TOUR FROM THE PULPIT OF THE TABERNACLE.—See Page 7.



THE WOL-ADAMS HOMICIDE—THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF A WEALTHY HERETIC, WHEN FOLLOWED UP BY DE-MITTER, PROVES TO HAVE BEEN A CASE OF MURDER—PERDING AND BLEEDGE, ADULTERERS HAVING FATALLY HURT ADAMS, WHOM HE DISCOVERED INSULTING HIS WIFE—MRS. BLEEDGE AND HER BAND.—See Page 15.

